

I dreamt I
walked through
the gaza strip

In
bermuda
schwartz

High Flying Engineer



Dean D.L. Mordell ponders a question at last night's Presidents' Banquet...



...then decides on an answer...



...which is strictly off the record.

— Photos by Paul Wang

Project's History Related

Dean Mordell Traces HARP

by ANNE BEATTS

Dean D.L. Mordell of the Faculty of Engineering described the past, present, and future of McGill's Barbados-based HARP for an audience of approximately fifty at the second and final Presidents' Banquet in the Union Cafeteria yesterday evening.

Dean Mordell, introducing himself as "one of those whom we are accustomed to designate, among ourselves, as 'mad HARP-ists,'" assured his audience that HARP meant more to him and to McGill than "a good excuse to get out of Montreal for the winter."

He further hastened to affirm that the High Altitude Research Project bore little relation to a superficially similar scheme explained in one of the more imaginative works of Jules Verne. And despite the recent remarks of "a certain Montreal journalist whose name I will not mention," the project is not merely "a wild blend of science fiction and fantasy which captures the imagination," he pointed out with some emphasis.

Mordell traced the history of the research project from its inception four years ago, when Professor Bull of the Mechanical Department of the Engineering Faculty first visualized the as-

ounding possibilities offered by the use of these big guns for launching airborne projectiles.

Professor Bull was subsequently able to interest Dean Mordell in this project, and the tests were originally proposed using an eight inch gun which weighed twenty tons. The size of the launching cannon grew with Bull's growing enthusiasm.

An even more effective 16-inch, 140-ton gun which no one seemed to want was finally discovered by Professor Bull, and the McGill team, in the words of Dean Mordell "went and snatched it." A location in Barbados was decided upon as a final launching site, and Mordell undertook the task of transporting the necessary equipment to the island.

They were fortunate in being able to enlist the assistance of the U.S. Army. A ship carrying the gun and several railroad cars with 1000 feet of track, intended to transport the gun to the launching site three miles inland, left Hampton Roads in July.

After blowing up an obstructive coral reef, and after "the roughest fifty hours I've ever spent," to quote the guest speaker, the gun and the railroad were both finally on shore.

With the transportation provided by the "John Paige, Foul Bay, and Western Railroad" — which never existed in its en-

tirely simultaneously since 1,000 feet of track had to be made to cover three miles of land — the big gun finally reached its destination. On January 25, the first high altitude projectile was successfully launched.

The crew, composed of McGill faculty and graduate students, and supported by local workmen, put in up to 18 hours per day and a seven-day week. They accomplished in January a task the army had doubts of accomplishing at all in 1963.

And the future of this accomplishment is far-reaching. Speaker Mordell enumerated the fields in which the principle of HARP may be invaluable; meteorology, physics, meteor-physics, biology, to name only a few. He compared this somewhat revolutionary project to the discovery of the cyclotron, but emphasized that it was and could be "far more versatile" if carefully nurtured.

Team Nears Finals

Debaters Move On; RMC Is Opponent

Two teams of McGill debaters will face representatives of the Royal Military College tomorrow to decide the Inter-University Debating League Championship. The winners will go on to the Canadian National finals.

The debate will take place at McMaster University in Hamilton, on the topic "Resolved that this House considers that Euthanasia is justified." It will be conducted in a Parliamentary type format.

McGill will be represented by an affirmative team of Ronald Berger and Nicholas Russell, and a negative team of Chuck Dalfen

Proposals Clarified For Open Meeting

by BONNIE STERN

The amendment to the SEC Constitution concerning the minimum academic requirement regarding eligibility of students to hold the offices outlined in Article 7 of the constitution, will be discussed and considered at the Open Meeting of the Students' Society next Thursday, February 28.

The proposed amendment grew out of a study of the present situation made by Irwin Cotler, Editor-in-Chief of the McGill Daily and recommended by the Students' Executive Council.

In an interview yesterday, Cotler attempted to clarify the issue by explaining the nature of the amendment and the reasons for it.

The present situation regarding minimum academic requirement for eligibility to hold offices listed in Article 7 are as follows:

Firstly, "The list of officers to which this academic requirement applies is incomplete" said Cotler. "Consequently, our amendment proposed that to this list be added the following three positions: 1) President of the ISA; 2) Chairman of the Education Committee; 3) Station Manager of Radio McGill."

Secondly, at the present time, any student who is conditioned, or who does not have 65% before he is nominated for or appointed to any of the offices listed in Article 7 must obtain written authorization from the Dean of his Faculty.

This authorization, in accordance with the constitution as it now stands, must state that in the opinion of the Dean, the student's election or appointment will not be likely to result in the latter's academic failure.

"The amendment does not propose to eliminate the necessity for this written authorization; however, it wishes to delete the present requirement that the authorization must state that 'in the opinion of the Dean, the student's election or appointment will not be likely to result in the latter's academic failure.'"

"The reason behind this proposed change," said Cotler "is that it is felt that this form of authorization is putting too great an onus on the Dean by requiring him to make a prophetic statement."

"It may very well happen that circumstances other than the holding of a student office will result in the student's failure, and the

Dean should not thence be reproached for having given a prophetic statement of this nature."

Finally, and most important, in the original amendment to the Constitution introducing the present minimum academic requirement regarding eligibility to hold student offices, — omission was made so that it was not clear whether the student in the offices listed in Article 7 was required to maintain this minimum academic standing throughout the year in which he or she held office in addition to requiring it in order to be nominated for or appointed to these positions.

Clauses

Consequently, the amendment, proposes to insert the following clause in the hope of clarifying the present situation.

"Students elected or appointed to these positions shall hold office subject to the same regulations under which they took office, with the exception that the minimum academic requirement in this case be 60%."

Cotler attempted to explain this by stating "The reasons that the requirement in the case of re-remaining in office be 60% rather than 65% is based on the feeling that allowance for a drop of up to 5% should be given in the case of students holding the aforementioned offices."

"For example, a student, in order to be elected to the Students' Executive Council would need 65%. However, once elected, he would need only 60% to

(Continued on page 15)

ASUS Candidates Are Announced: Slate Not Filled

The candidates for the ASUS elections have been announced. Running for President are Paul Echenberg and Tim Yates.

The nominees for First Vice-President are Bonnie Stern, Carol Abramson, Ruth Isaacson, Julie Bourne, and Susan Handman, while those for Second Vice-President are James G. Wright, Enn Raudsepp, Peter Polacsik, and Simon Schwartz.

The candidates for Male Athletic Representative are Dave MacFarlane and Sheldon Price.

Judy Shapiro and Golda Bauman have been acclaimed Secretary and Female Athletic Representative respectively.

Due to the lack of nominations, the election for Treasurer has been deferred. A by-election will be held in the fall.

Elections will take place on Wednesday, February 27, from 9 am to 4 pm.

X-Ray Appointments

All students in the Faculty of Science who have not had a chest x-ray for the year 1962-63 may make appointments in the Physical Sciences Centre Thursday, February 21 and Friday February 22.

Models Wanted

A number of co-eds are required for modelling for portraits in the forthcoming Camera Club Photography Contest. This involves being posed by a professional photographer from the School of Modern Photography at the club's Activities Night in the middle of next week. Winning pictures will be exhibited in the corridor of the Redpath Library.

Anyone who is interested in modelling is asked to contact members of the Camera Club in the Cue Room on Monday at 1 pm.

BYLINE C.U.P.

Excerpts From Canadian University Press
by
EVE COUPLAND

Soon students will be forced to accept the two kinds of responsibility that justify their existence as students. The final responsibility is naturally an academic one, the foremost responsibility is to their university. In the forthcoming elections, the men and women who will ensure this university of yet another year of activity outside of the classroom, will be selected and these people will be holding another responsibility, perhaps the biggest they have ever known, the responsibility to the 8,000 students on this campus. It is the foremost responsibility of the students to pick the best leaders. Across the country even now other students are making the same decision...

EASTERN CANADA

Bishop's University has already elected the president of their Students' Executive Council. Dean K. Purdy, the winner of the election, is a twenty-seven year old predivinity student. Miss Pat Fraser, in third year business administration, was elected first lady and Mr. Ron Crowley was elected secretary-treasurer.

At Acadia University students listened to the campaign speeches of three gentlemen who are running for positions in student officialdom. The first speaker, Mr. Dave Burdick asked that students consider the ability of the candidates to handle administrative affairs and the meaning of the platform as well as how it can be carried out. The second candidate, Mr. Walter Newton mentioned that he intended to promote closer student-faculty relationships. Mr. John Whidden, the final candidate discussed discipline and suggested that students should enjoy the advantages of "justice from their peers".

Meanwhile at Dalhousie University, students are running on a double slate with the traditional platforms including the mentions of grants and a bookstore.

While thirteen of the available Students' Union positions were won by acclamation at McMaster University four others will be elected this Monday. One female candidate suggested that women should be represented on the Students' Council, but she was vehemently opposed by a male rival who did not feel justified in creating new positions on council "after all the trouble filling them this year". Students at that university do not seem to be overwhelmingly interested in their candidates, because for one assembly called to hear the speeches of candidates only eleven showed up. Of the eleven, only one was an eligible voter.

CENTRAL CANADA

At the University of Western Ontario elections for the president and vice-president of all the affiliated colleges are being held, as well as elections for NFCUS positions.

Ryerson has also already selected their president, Keith King, a business student won by a margin of only 28 votes. His platform, emphasized the scope of the Students' Administrative Council and the promise to print all motions to be brought up in councils in the preceding edition of the Ryersonian. Said King when his victory was announced; "I'm really happy, no kidding. I'll try to do everything I said I would. God, that was close!"

Queen's University Students have elected their Alma Mater Society representatives from the faculty of Arts and Science, but only 400 students voted, a scant 42% of the eligible electorate.

THE PRAIRIES

The University of Manitoba has selected the two student leaders, male and female respectively, on the basis of acclamation. Bruce Doern was acclaimed UMSU (University of Manitoba Students' Union) President and Carol Ann Riddell was acclaimed Wakanda (equivalent to our women's Union) President. Both are Commerce students. Doern hopes to re-assess the role of the six Western Universities in NFCUS and to encourage the formation of a graduate students' association among other things.

At the University of Saskatchewan nominations were called this Monday. Possible nominations include Bruce McCulloch the co-editor of the campus paper, The Sheaf. As the paper points out;

The Sheaf Co-editor, ex Radio Director, ex-twice secretary-treasurer has pointed out that he cannot know until nominations close what position he may or the Gods may have destined him to, run for. Mr. McCulloch refuses to ask hirelings or lackeys to nominate him for the top positions, as is the usual practice among SRC position-hungry delegates.

THE WEST

Beyond the Rockies a gentleman who has already made his name felt at NFCUS conferences as the University of British Columbia's treasurer has polled 73% of the votes and is now established as student president of the university. Twenty-six year old Malcolm Scott has completed his third win in three tries in the Alma Mater Society elections.

"On to The Fraser Arms!" cried the jubilant President, "The beer's on me!"

Byron Hender was elected as Scott's second vice-president, and Marnie Wright became the new secretary.

However the elections are not over at that University and the cry of "dirty politics" resounded when two candidates for the election made appearances on a student moderated TV show called UBC Reports. The unfilmed candidates were subsequently annoyed and accused the moderator of "indiscretion" for allowing the two appearances to be made while campaigning was in progress.

The Victoria College students are also listening to campaign speeches and slogans of ambitious candidates, but the elections have not yet been held.

So from East to West new people accept new responsibilities, old duties are fulfilled by new faces. The wheel turns and the University is the area of new ideas and new responsibilities until time passes and the ideas become old and the responsibilities of students are forgotten to be replaced with the responsibilities of life...

CPRI Plans Research On Economic Problems

VANCOUVER (CUP) — The Canadian Peace Research Institute will soon embark on a study of the economics of disarmament, its director told a UBC audience.

Dr. Norman Alcock said the study would be the first of its kind in Canada.

"Many people believe that the losses from disarmament can be offset by government spending," he said.

"We want to find out if this is so."

Alcock said an attitude survey of Canadian businessmen showed 55 percent feel total disarmament would result in depression or recession.

CPRI currently has six full-time researchers working in separate projects at a number of Eastern Canadian universities.

Alcock said the institute would soon be housed in a building at the Ontario Experimental community near Toronto.

He said researchers are paid from \$6,000 to \$12,000 per year. Alcock gets \$7,000 himself. CPRI collected just more than \$300,000 in a public campaign last year.

"The major study done by the

Institute so far has been on Canadians' attitudes to peace and war. It is a serious sociological study — perhaps the most comprehensive in the field," said Alcock.

A thousand Canadians were asked 40 questions by professional pollsters.

The survey showed 91 percent of Canadians are in favor of disarmament and 71 percent would be in favor of it if it would result in a loss of employment.

The survey also showed 78 percent of Canadians are in favor of a strong UN police force, but only one third wanted to spend more money on it and less than five percent knew how much the UN costs.

The Institute may do work on attitudes toward foreign aid contributions, Alcock said.

Earlier Work

Earlier work plans for CPRI had envisioned a study of means of preventing an accidental war.

"CPRI now realizes that it is not equipped to do such a study. It is too technical and much of the relevant information is classified," Alcock says.

CPRI will not be concerned with international law either.

"One of the least dramatic, but most important projects of the Institute is to build up a card file of all works in the war-peace field."

At present CPRI has 4,000 listings, but plans to include foreign publications are under way.

One researcher is currently undertaking a study to determine the attitudes of, and towards, national police forces. This could help in the establishment of a UN police force, Alcock said.

PREVIEWS

Today

PROGRESSIVE CLUB: Important club meeting to discuss January's conventions, national events, and the upcoming club elections. Also to set date for the proposed 50 mile "Vigah" Week. Club Room, 1 pm.

PSYCHOLOGY CLUB: Dr. Greenberg: "Role of the Clinical Psychologist in a General Hospital". E-204, 1 pm.

HILLEL: Student group discussion in small lounge, 1 pm.

CHINESE STUDENTS' SOCIETY:

"Break the Barrier", featuring guest speakers and films. All are welcome. Union Lounge at 8 pm.

MATH CLUB: Professor J. Lambert — on "Complementary Sets". E-122, 1 pm.

CURLING CLUB: Finals — Montreal Caledonia, 2-5 pm.

SCM: "Biological Man" — Dr. Julius Metrakos, Genetics Dept. Discussion, coffee, all welcome. 3625 Oxenden, 7:45 pm.

RADIO MCGILL: Announcer Training Course — Bob Gilles, CKGM, here today for newscasting and training. Studios, 1 pm.

RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB: Shoot, for best-shot-in-the-club Cup. All members eligible. Rifle Range in the Gym, 7 pm.

MCGILL FILM SOCIETY: "Ikiru", directed by Akira Kurosawa, Japan 1952. Japan's foremost director presents what may be his finest film. PSCA, 4, 8:30, 9 pm.

MINING AND METALLURGICAL SOCIETY: Two Swedish films on mining: "River Underground", and

"Tunnel Under Mont Blanc", PSC Room 103, 1 pm.

Saturday

UNITED CHURCH STUDENTS' FELLOWSHIP: YPU Drama Festival meet at Wesley United. Take bus 4 then 104 and 105. Walk up Royal Ave. 8:30 pm.

MALAYAN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION: Important general meeting. Election of new committee. Students' Union, 7:30 pm.

FOLK MUSIC SOCIETY: Important rehearsal of choral singing in Walter M. Stewart Room, 12 noon.

Sunday

HILLEL: Seminar led by Dr. Israel Eiros, Israeli scholar, on "The Philosophy of Biblical Ethics. Hillel House, 10:30 am — 3 pm.

YAVNEH OF HILLEL: Lecture by Rabbi Norman Lamm of New York on "An Interpretation of the Shema". Tea served at 3:30 pm. Admission: 50¢. All welcome. Hillel House, 3:30 pm — 5:30 pm.

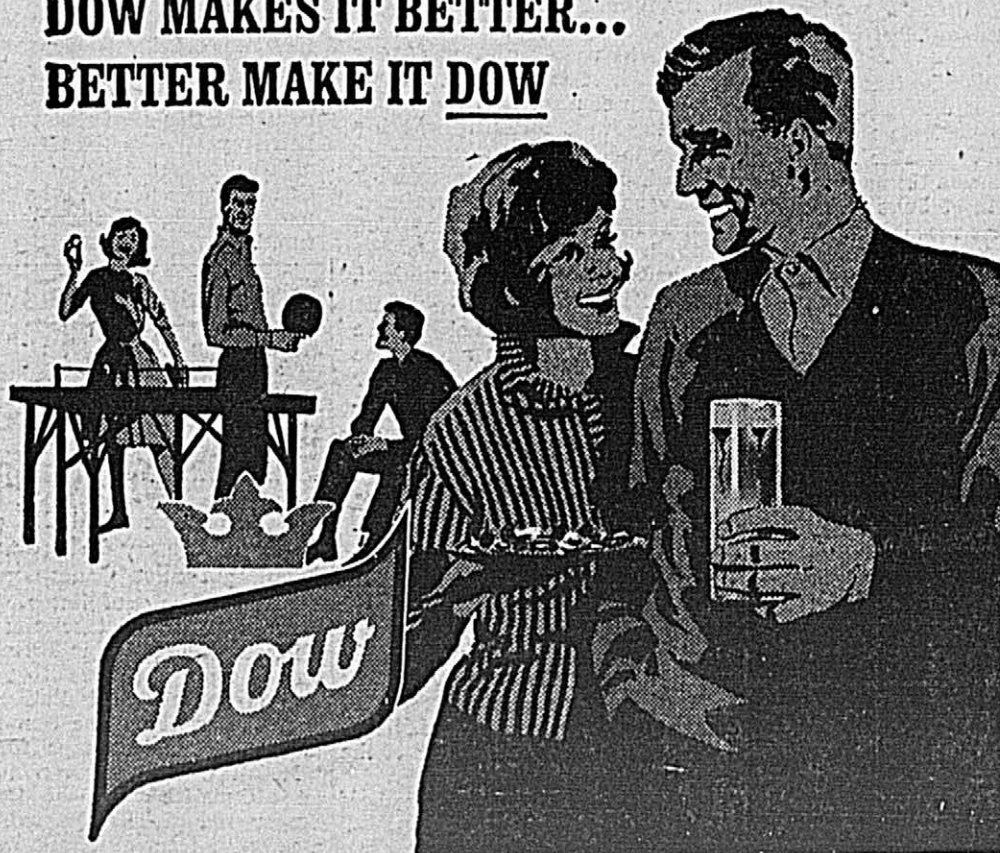
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AIESEC Extends Plans To Include New Lands

Steven Abrahams, AIESEC National President, announced last night that AIESEC's program is being expanded to include traineeship in Japan, Hong Kong, India and Pakistan, and, it is hoped, eventually Australia and New Zealand.

Abrahams explained that contacts were started with Japan as early as 1960, when AIESEC members visited the country with authorization to investigate, but with no power to set up committees. However, committees were set up, and became extremely active, and at the last Presidents' meeting in November it was decided to offer probationary membership to Japan and the other countries which were in a similar position.

Applications will be made at the AIESEC National Congress, to be held in Princeton during the first week of April. Abrahams stated that two Japanese companies have already asked for Canadian trainees to work this summer.

New Branches

Making their first appearance at the AIESEC National Congress being held in Quebec City this weekend will be delegates from two new Canadian Committees — those at UBC and the University of Manitoba. It is expected that contact between Canada and the new member countries such as Japan and India will be strengthened by having a base in Vancouver.

Abrahams stated that applications from students wishing to go overseas this summer are now under consideration, but added that "to ensure top quality of trainees" many from last year are being turned down, and that there will be a smaller number this year than there was last summer. The decisions of the Selection Committee will be announced shortly.

AIESEC is continuing its appeal against the IATA ruling on group flights, but Abrahams is not optimistic about getting a reversal this year; trainees are being asked to make their own travel arrangements for this summer, and McGill students will probably go over on the McGill SEC flight to Europe.

Bishop Carter To Speak

Mission Begins On Monday

His Excellency, Bishop G. Emmett Carter will speak the week of February 25 to March 1, preaching the annual Catholic Mission. His conferences will be heard daily in Moyse Hall from 1-2 pm.

During Mission Week, there will be priests available for confession and consultation at Newman House from 4-6 pm. There will be a Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in Redpath Hall at 5:15 pm to close the Week on March 1.

Bishop Carter will deliver five lectures which will deal with: the Church's Public Examination

of Conscience; the Universal Involvement in the Church's Agony of Adaptation; the Modern Problems of Morality; Christ and Ecumenism; the Freedom of the Children of God.

At a press conference held yesterday, Bishop Carter elaborated somewhat on these headings and also discussed the state of Catho-

licism in General and the Quebec situation in particular. He pointed out that there has been a definite change in Quebec in the last few years. Many administrative and educational positions formerly dominated by churchmen have passed into the hands of the laity.

This, he feels, is the best situation for all concerned. With the shortage of priests that exists, he said that they should not be wasted in positions that could be handled equally well by laymen, but be retained for the responsibilities for which they have been trained. This, he emphasized, does not mean that he wants to take religion of schools, but rather release churchmen from the non-religious sphere of activity. He added that he believed "that most positions in schools should be held by laymen."

Secular Influence

When asked about the position of Catholic students at a secular university such as McGill, he said that he felt the experience in no way had bad influence, faith-wise, upon them. He elaborated by saying that in such an institution students go to church not because they have to, but because of their convictions.

It is while they are at University that students stop being Catholics because they were born that way and become so because they believe that it is the true religion. He pointed out that this change will not occur at a separate University as it will in a secular one. He claimed that "In this pluralist state on the university level, Catholics do not have the right to isolate themselves."

Council

He spoke on the subject of the recent Ecumenical Council and the lack of utter harmony, saying that the "idea that the church is a monolithic structure and that everyone must think the same way is false and fallacious."

He added that the Schism in Christianity is an established thing and that the idea of one unified Christian Church is dangerous and could lead to a breakdown in the unity of Christianity.

'Signpost' To Inform High School Seniors

"Operation Signpost" is a challenging new program produced by Radio McGill to educate the English-speaking high school students in the Montreal area. It will run for one week, February 25 to March 1, on CFCF-FM, 92.5 meg. from 7-8 pm.

The program is aimed at informing students in their last year of high school of the entrance requirements and the variety of courses offered by the Montreal English-speaking universities. The curricula of several faculties will be discussed in detail with the faculty heads of the universities.

Faculty members from McGill, Sir George, and Loyola will participate in several panel discussions and talks which will be featured during the week. High school students will get together with university students to discuss the problems of adjustment

experienced by most students on entering college.

"The main purpose of 'Operation Signpost' is to facilitate the transition between high school and university, and to enable the individual high school student to make an informed decision regarding the faculty he is to enter and the courses he is to take," said Paul Lamy, publicity director.

"This is the first time something like this has been done, and for this reason, the program has been in preparation for two months. Jack Greener has done a tremendous job in organizing the series of five programs."

On Monday, February 25, C.

M. McDougall, Registrar of McGill University, W.K. Molson, Director of Admissions at McGill, D.L. Peets, Registrar of Sir George Williams University, and Rev. C.B. O'Keefe, Dean of Loyola College will be the guests.

They will be interviewed by Paddy Springate and David Corbett, both McGill students, on the requirements for university admission, the role of the university in modern society, and the importance and value of a university education.

Tuesday

On Tuesday, the spotlight will be on Arts. Professors C. Gordon (Classics Department), A. Lucas (English Department), and P. Zagorin (History), all of McGill, will be interviewed by Corbett on their respective specialties, and on the Arts Faculty in general. In the second half, four Arts graduates will speak on their reasons for having chosen Arts.

Wednesday is devoted to the Sciences. A chemist, a biochemist, a zoologist, a botanist and a geographer will be interviewed by student moderator Karen McGee. On Thursday, representatives from Engineering and the School for Graduate Nurses will speak. The final program, on Friday, will spotlight the Commerce faculty.

Coming Campus Capers

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE
Today, I was kidnapped. I was dragged off bawdily by Norman Defoe, the vain and Fonora, and taken to a deeply concealed hide-away, where, to gain entrance, we struck a match and whispered low that them and me was sent by Joe. Consequently, I did not see who was in the office, save N, Bo, Paul, John, Marsha, Bonnie, and Mac. Horsh is mad; so is Chodos, because once again, against all odds, Friday's paper has failed to live up to expectations, namely, not to appear at all. It's bigger, better, and still 3 cents cheap. You can't resist this JOYOUSLY LOOSE PRODUCTION. P.S. Carlo, they caught the mouse. He (she?) died with a cheesy smile on his (her) lips. Alas poor Yoric! Danny Trevick gets a B plus for his review.

FEBRUARY 22, 1963

Gerrymander By Default

Equality of representation in the Canadian House of Commons has been traditionally more of a goal than a reality. To some extent it has not been even a goal, in that certain institutionalized inequalities have been evolved to protect the interests of the smaller provinces and of regions with low rates of population growth.

According to Norman Ward's book, *The Canadian House of Commons: Representation*, "constituencies in Canada have always varied enormously as to size, shape and population, and always for reasons satisfactory to a majority of the House of Commons." Although the latter part of the statement is open to question, the fact of inequality is not. In recent years the problem has been complicated by a population growth unevenly distributed among different areas of the country, and concentrated especially in the large metropolitan areas. The most recent census revealed that the inhabitants of Montreal and its suburbs outnumber the total agricultural population of the country, a fact which, needless to say, is far from being represented in the present allocation of seats.

The present-day threat to equality of representation comes less from the cynical gerrymandering which attained its highest popularity in the Macdonald and Mackenzie era than from inadequate response to changing trends in population, resulting from unwillingness to raise an issue any solution of which is likely to strain party loyalties and antagonize considerably more people than it pleases.

Parliament's legal obligation, as represented by the current version of section 51 of the B.N.A. Act, which dates from 1952, is simply to readjust representation among the provinces following each decennial census. Even had this been done since the last census, which it has not been owing to the accident of two general elections in the two years following the census, it would not begin to attack the real problem, which is one of unequal representation within the provinces. Intra-provincial allocation of seats is also Parliament's responsibility, but is exercised at its discretion, that is, not at all except as required by the occasional loss or gain of a few seats under section 51.

The result is some truly startling inequalities, not only between rural and urban areas, but between stagnant downtown areas and rapidly growing suburbs. Seats such as Montreal Ste. Marie and St. Ann have been essentially unchanged in population for years, and have a smaller population than even some rural constituencies. At the other extreme are such monstrosities as (Toronto) York-Scarborough, where the popular vote in the last election was some 120,000. Weep, if you will, for York-Scarborough's N.D.P. candidate, who came close to losing his deposit and ran a poor third while obtaining more votes than any of his party's nineteen successful candidates.

Although no one attempts to defend quite such a ludicrous situation as this, there is a philosophical case, such as it is, for the over-representation of rural areas. This is that rural interests have few organized means of expression, outside of Parliament and that, if too large, they impose a strain on the candidate which is not felt by his counterpart in an urban constituency of a few square miles. Nowadays the last argument is of doubtful value in all but a few constituencies. Certainly most of the rural ridings in the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes area at least are far smaller than they need to be.

The only apparent solution to the whole problem is the establishment of a judicial commission which would reapportion seats at regular intervals in accordance with the realities of population. This would have the advantage of removing the matter from the area of political pressures and at the same time restore their rightful influence to the inhabitants of the faster-growing areas of the country.

Letters To The Editor

See No Need For Foreign Representative

Dear Sir,

We have been considering the proposed amendment to the constitution of the Students' Society that the president of the International Students' Association sit on the S.E.C. as representative of overseas students. We can see real problems developing as a result of such an amendment.

Generally students are elected to the S.E.C. as representatives of a faculty made up of both Canadian and "overseas" students. Is there anything to prevent the overseas student from being nominated and elected as faculty representative?

Should the I.S.A., a coordinating organization of national clubs, be granted special representation on the S.E.C. when the Inter-Fraternity Council, also a coordinating body is not? One could even conceive of the religious clubs forming a Religious Council which might then expect similar representation.

In short, we feel that the S.E.C. should include representatives of the students, not the overseas student per se or the fraternal student or the religious student.

In our opinion the president of the I.S.A. is not the true representative of overseas students. He could be a Canadian whose grandfather came from the Ukraine and there are students from overseas who do not associate with their national groups in a club. If for some reason a student from overseas could not stand for election as a representative of his faculty then we have a much more serious problem than the proposed amendment would begin to solve.

Edythe D. Andersen

BA 4

Donald W. Davis

BSc 3

* * *

ASUS Photo Contest Mismanagement Claimed

Dear Sir:

The ASUS has successfully conducted a photo contest but the after results leave much to be desired. The whole show in my estimation was a total failure, and leaves here and there concrete evidence of mismanagement, lack of foresight, and to say the least an unprecedented display of incompetence.

Initially the ASUS solicited for entries and as these started rolling in, they announced that entries would be the property of the ASUS. Not that I object to this cheap means of acquiring

valued prints, but I detest the unfairness to the entrants who were not aware of this. I personally objected to one of the executive and stressed the fact that some of the prints were worth more than all their prizes put together (at least so I valued mine). Fortunately he agreed to do something, which indeed he did. The McGill Daily announced that the entries would be returned.

After the contest, selected photographs would be exhibited for about a week. The exhibition lasted for over a month — without any explanation to the entrants. After the exhibition the ASUS kept the keys to the show cases in Redpath Libraries. Though the chance of other societies using these show cases have been grossly jeopardized, nevertheless the officials of the Redpath Library will be gracious should the ASUS return these keys.

The ASUS announced prizes of \$50, \$25, \$10 gift certificates without the intention of giving any prizes. Pressed by one of the prize winners, ASUS claimed they had given the certificates to a postman and they were lost, what a story! However, to save face, ASUS sent letters two months after the contest and congratulated the winners. Following their direction I discovered to my uttermost disappointment the certificates were deramated (sic).

The offering of prizes was exclusively the prerogative of the ASUS and having offered the gifts they became the right of the winners. I think it is most unfair of the ASUS to arrange subsequently that their unasked-for prizes should not be worth its value.

Peter A. Nwafor

B. Eng 3

Chairman, Camera Club Photo Contest Committee

* * *

Suggests Re-Allocating Charity Funds

Dear Sir:

Fifty per cent of five thousand dollars to W.U.S. each year. Why? What does W.U.S. do for the McGill Campus besides raise a lot of money and send two students on a seminar (to India this year).

It is my belief that the reason Mr. Shiff is having so much trouble in finding a Chairman of Combined Charities is because the majority of the general stu-

dent body agrees with me in my criticism of The World University Service.

I am in favour of the forty per cent of the five grand which went this year to four Medical Associations. I suggest that all the moneys collected next year go to: The Muscular Dystrophy Association, The Montreal Association for Multiple Sclerosis, The Canadian Cancer Society and The Heart Fund.

If this is impossible then I say, "No Combined Charities".

A third alternative would be to increase the scope of W.U.S. so needy students could receive some benefits here at McGill. In this final case I would agree with the present breakdown and the existence of the Combined Charities.

Anonymous

* * *

Protests Jazz At Carnival Ball

Dear Sir:

I would like to question the reasons for having a jazz combo as one of the main sources of music at the carnival ball. I assume that most of the people who attend such an affair anticipate an evening of dancing pleasure. However, I noticed throughout the event that there was an annoying lack of dance music provided. A large part of the time was spent having to wait around while this "big name" jazz quartet gave forth with music to which one could neither jive nor twist nor waltz.

I am quite sure that there was a large number of people who enjoyed this music thoroughly. However, I am also quite certain there was an equally large number who would have preferred the appearance of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra, just as well known and surely just as appropriate at a ball as a pure jazz group.

It would seem reasonable that with such an enormous intake from ticket sales, something better could be provided in future.

James W. Baxter,

BSc 4.

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Tempus, Fugit

by P. Finagain

The sun leered down the street and laughed, it gurgled and crisped in the corners, and the whole asleep it bugled a big fat bright steam of seven o'clock, early Sunday, May, and no season.

It lay thick and sweet in the street where nothing was; it lapped at the curb. A cat dived from the sidewalk, swam easily across the street and slunk with a shiver back into the sleeping snoring hangover'd buildings which stood Knockkneed about by accident. A sound of bells blanged in the lazy air, frisked, bubbled, broke, crumbled from a church which stood stiff and faraway somewhere in the maze of streets I hadn't explored yet and which, I knew now, would not wait to die but hourly faded.

And slowly, as I lay awake feeling the day gather, I could hear the thin dew of dawn thicken and ripen into a golden potash; the owls put out their yellow eyes and fainted with the bats and raccoons into nothing that you could find by poking lean fingers into any part of the fat day. My bed was warm and wonderful, the house was still. From my parents' room came the sounds of my father sputtering and snorting his autobus-self through the dark night into Sunday and my mother purring along by his side. The bed sagged and squeaked as the autobus shifted.

My own bed was warm and wonderful with the sun which coursed liquid through the glassless window onto my face and arms. I laughed inside and went onto the roof, almost naked in my tan shorts. It was cold and chilling in the corner where the sun had been locked out. The smell of damp, cold rocks hung loud on the bricks and in my nostrils; I danced into the sun with a snort, frightening a herd of pigeons who ebbed back against my feet. A long low tapestry of sound they wove with their lowing, cooling, groaning, sorrowing, looping up, over and under their sounds, a purple, glowing fabric which washed my brown feet and cloaked my shoulders.

I goliathed through them to the edge of the roof, sat with my feet dinging in the street and waited for something else to move. Below me, I saw the streetlet through my toes, the factory near the end of the street, beside the mansion, was the size of my two feet together, the Puerto Rican building and the Italian building stood glaring at each other. In front of me the vacant lot was lush and wild.

Through the top of the powerful elm the whole city raced out into the distance. Vast and grey and lifeless, it lay open under the blue sky, the brilliant sun, like a wound which has never healed properly. It stretched every which way, all about me, on all sides was the grey brick city. Faraway, no bigger than my smallest toe were the skyscrapers downtown, akimbo, angular, poles flung by a God in a tantrum.

I turned and rushed through the pigeons, with a rear they struggled into the air on glinting wings, their fat bourgeois bodies like miniature bombers with full bellies before the devastation. They swirled over the street and fell to prayer in the gutter.

Then the apartment began to live under my feet. A huge yawn from my father called me down from my perch into their laugh. As I came round the hall through the door I could hear the crash of the bed as it gave out as it did every Sunday morning. It was officially day. In the middle of the room, giggling and guffawing, my marooned family on the raft of the mattress in the sea-room tioked each other and swore and told each other to be careful not to hurt the bed more than was necessary and my father once again told my mother he would get a steel plank that wouldn't give out when the family bounced on it. Of course we knew that he wanted a steel plank no more than any of us — but we expected him to mention it for it was the signal to wade across the room to our islands and forget about the night. Father and I picked up the mattress and set it in place for its next voyage.

Upstairs, Johnson began to sing and we were quiet. My mother started to make breakfast, my father and brother shaved, my sister danced and I curled up in the oldest of the armchairs and strummed a piece of wood as Johnson sang. It was good this morning, Mother remarked on it. He could be a trombone, a trumpet, even a cello or a flute when he wanted to, he could be wild when he wanted to be, fluting or singing ragged or deep and low.

It was good today, but a climax somehow and an end. His voice shivered when it was high, everything was somehow morbid and when I closed my eyes, I became frightened and opened them immediately. On the low notes his voice was so furry soft that I couldn't really be sure that I heard them.

He stopped singing and we all waited for him to start again. And then, very slowly and so quietly that the hair stood up on my neck, he began to sing "Motherless Child", not crying, not sobbing and worried, but alone and very still, each note hung in the room, in the smell of frying eggs, and I became intolerably sad. Miriam was dancing about the room, as she swung by me on her way to a bold leap I slipped out my foot and caught her in midflight. She fell flat on her face.

My mother began to scold me and I felt that she was right and yet wrong, I couldn't have let the morning go on as usual when the singing was different — but I didn't really know what I thought and so I turned my back and went up to the roof.

Johnson was up there before me, dangling his legs over the edge. I sat beside him and told him that he had sung better than ever before but this time it was different, lonely and final, as if he were

singing from a very great height or standing over a vast sea. Johnson, who was awfully intelligent for a negro with no education, told me that he felt a sadness in his heart this morning. Then he broke off and looked silently over the elm and said, "Look far off into the distance downtown. That's where the Russians are going to send it. It will explode right over them, I can see," and he traced it with his brown finger, "its clean, looping flight, swift, oh so beautifully swift, it will hover just for the suggestion of a moment over those skyscrapers, like the dove over the ark, and then, soundlessly, it will become a flash of light, the skyscrapers will take the punch in the stomach and hunch over. The city will haemorrhage into fire and through the hours and years, clot into ruin."

"You sure can sing, Johnson," I said.

Down below in the street, a huge truck pulled up in front of the mansion.

"They're here," said Johnson. I didn't say anything. They were here to take away the old house at the end of the street, on the other side of the factory.

It had always been there, two stories high, with glassless windows and doorless doors, like teeth which had fallen out; it smiled toothlessly into the street. A big wide porch went all around the house. The roof was green slate as was the roof of the porch, the brown paint on the walls was cracked and peeled in some places and the wood showed through a lighter brown. It was beautiful inside even though it was ruined. I played there on the porch, dancing in out of the rain, smelling the old paint and the wood that rotted slowly into earth — the house was rank, living and lovely. Inside, the rugs were wet but thick and spongy, like swampy grass where birds called wild and the dull slurping sound meant alligators had taken to the water to follow a dugout, up the hall into the third room. It was raining all about the house, pattering, nattering on the roof just over your head in the attic where we expected the dove to return when the rain let up.

The factory was watery red through the rain, and the whistle meant our fathers would be coming out, crossing the streetlet, going home for supper. From the top window of the house we called "ahoy father, ahoy," and my father dashed through the rain and jumped for the porch just as we pulled out and sailed right across the ocean, singing and steering and then letting the house sail by itself as father was hunting alligators with our help, stalking quietly, kneedeep in old chairs which had collapsed, always ready for an attack by the millions of ferocities which swarmed in the waters, until suddenly the whole house tipped on its side and we went sliding over the falls.

And finally the rain stopped and we left the lovely rank valleys of the mansion and went home for supper.

Men piled out of the truck until there were nearly twenty of them in shining yellow safety helmets, swarming around the mansion, pulling huge jacks which took ten men to place under the sides of the house. I closed my eyes and could picture the gap it would leave in the end of the streetlet; for my world, it was like uprooting a mountain, or dissolving a dyke. Down in the street, from the poop deck of the stairs I would be able to see into the city, far down the street which would connect through the cavity with ours. Johnson stood up and started to sing and I went downstairs.

The sun rose steadily and the midmorning passed with its rising. It was directly overhead when we had our lunch, and they lifted the house off the ground and placed it on rollers. They lay strewn about the vacant lot after they had everything ready to be moved, eating their lunches, letting the sun soak into them and smoking cigarettes.

After our lunch we went downstairs to see the mansion go. The Italians and the Puerto Ricans were coming down into the street too, to see the world flood in on us. I stood on the bottom step watching the men and women and their families come swarming into the streets, tumbling, bumping out of the doors into the streets.

We stood about bareheaded, lounging, men in shirtsleeves and beer cans. The mansion was sitting on pipes which were to roll as the building moved over them and drop behind there would be a steady stream of discarded rollers being lifted by the men who would carry them to the front and like sacrifices, put them in the path of the mansion which would roll inexorably on, swallowing the pipes under her.

All the kids, the Italians and Puerto Ricans and the Negroes and Whites began to gather together near the truck; we started to talk and joke and push each other. Then we started to run about the streetlet, flocks of darting starlings, swooping in and out of the buildings, darting about the old men and women who sat in chairs near the back of the square, flickering, bickering, splintering about the crowd. We spiralled up the stairs of my apartment building and burst onto the roof where Johnson saw us and began to lead, down the fire escape, twisting with great surprising leaps among the crowd, he led us into the lot where the men were lying getting ready to move the mansion and we buzzed among them, wildly shouting and laughing. Then Johnson wheeled about and made for the mansion.

We clambered up the stairs into the gloom of the swamp, paid no attention to the alligators and beautifully coloured parrots which darted about our heads squawking, "We're moving, we're moving". Johnson led us to the attic where suddenly we realized

we had been running for a long time and were tired. The men were moving about, starting up the monster truck when we trooped panting into the street. We went back to our families.

With a huge roar the motor started it was deafening and some of the people put their hands over their ears and their faces were furrowed as if they were in pain. The house started slowly forward, groaning with a lurch into inexorable motion which was hardly more evident than the hands of a clock. Yet it was moving in that uproar; the men gathered the pipes as they were discarded and walked to the front of the mansion to lay them in its path. They were solemn as priests about it and were stern with anyone who tried to come too near the operation.

The sun was beginning to fall out of the day, it was around two o'clock. Most of the men stayed in the street to watch the mansion go but a lot of the women left their husbands and went up into their homes, tired by the heat and uproar, they realized that the moving would take the whole afternoon.

Johnson was sitting on the edge of the roof, singing, but we couldn't hear him in the street.

I was strangely cold and afraid in the heat and deafness. The continual noise became background and yet I could hear nothing in the foreground; I felt that I was being cut off from something.

The men worked on and a space appeared in the wall of the streetlet. The mansion had moved past the factory and was passing the Italian apartment building. Johnson came down from the roof, crossed the street and stood about talking to some of the Puerto Rican women. It was weird to see the shape of everything so altered as the mansion passed gravely down the street. Some of the Italian women went over to the circle of Puerto Ricans and laughter appeared on their faces as they talked with Johnson and the others amid the roar of the truck and the decay of their houses, their teeth, their bodies. They knew, all of us did, that the street deserved to die, it was no longer really fit to live in, rats roamed through the old buildings like fire, like landlords, prouds, secure, the new civilization.

But in the roar of the truck they talked with great flourishes of their hands, brandished invisible swords and laughed unheard laughter. The men drank their beer disgruntled and sourfaced, or spat on the sidewalk and hit their thumbs in their pants and suspenders and strutted along the sidewalk, not talking, not looking at anything.

The mansion passed the vacant lot and was beginning to enter the mouth of the valley as the sun sloped toward night. One of the men, looking terribly sad

(Continued on page 6)

Montreal

Transfer Points

1.

In Montreal,
you don't stop
you

ARRETEZ
STOP

so the Frenchman can stop
without loss of dignity.

2.

There is a castle

In Montreal

with turrets & arches
They built it

to house pumps.

Isn't that funny?
Workers with lunch boxes

walk up the stairs
and through the great doorway
with a coat of arms on top.

3.

Their city

has a hole in it.

because

someone stuck a mountain

In the middle.

They walk on it
and they bury their dead in it.

It is their greatest monument to sentimentality.

They admire its trees
and throw cigarette boxes

In Beaver Lake.

4.

The city is

lost in me.

The faces are

familiar and dispassionate
unacknowledged by me.

They stare at the street

behind me and through me.

Why should I

seek their eyes?

Let a glance at my watch

suffice.

5.

Who is about me

when I'm chasing my dreams?
a young woman with packages;
an old man, beside me,

gives her his seat:

A reproach?

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your photographer

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between 7:30-8 at RE. 1-6259.

LOST

IN MEN'S locker room of the biology building.
A brown Sheaffer pen inscribed Henry
Lloyd Garvey. Please return to Zoology Museum.
Reward offered.

PARKER PEN, black barrel, silver cap. Lost in
Botany library between 10-10:45, 18/2/63.
Address if found: Phone room 310 McConnell
Hall 844-0382.

THIN BROWN case with notes. Zeta house
lost Thursday night. Bill VI. 9-1736, 3637
University.

BLACK HANDLED ski-poles were lost on Friday.
Please phone HU. 9-2554.

BROWN WALLET Thurs. (Feb. 14) probably
near EUS snow sculpture. Keep the money
but please return papers. Call Ray HU. 8-4587.

GLASSES, between Campus and Residences,
left lens astigmatic, brown and clear frames,
call 844-0444 room 426.

FOUND

CONTACT LENS found in front of Roddick
gates, Thursday Feb. 14. Apply to porter in
Arts Building.

BLACK "REGULAR" skis Friday — Bus 3413
claim from guard at Roddick Gates.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE or exchange, Fender Musicmaster
electric guitar with case. Phone Kip at 844-
6802 after 6 pm.

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CAREERS IN EDUCATION

Students in 3rd and 4th years, who are interested in becoming
teachers, are invited to attend a meeting on careers in education.

DATE: February 27, 4 pm

PLACE: Lecture Theatre,
Macdonald Physics Building,
McGill University.

SPEAKERS: Dean F. K. Hare, Faculty of Arts and Science
Prof. C. W. Hall, Institute of Education
Mr. Roy Saunders, Montreal Protestant School Board.

Tempus, Fugit

(Continued from page 5)

faced and even ashamed approached Johnson and spat at his feet. I could see Johnson laugh and say something I could not hear. The Italian man leapt and swung his fist and the women scattered like hens, the men formed a circle about the two, the Negro and Italian.

Miguel fought wildly, anxious for something to be destroyed, even if it be himself. He tried to kick, bite and the men in the circle cried out eagerly, their eyes, bright, anxious, tense for the purging by fire. I was at the inside of the ring which surrounded them. Miguel kicked, Johnson stepped back, circled, waited.

"Come on, Johnson," I screamed. "Come on, get him."

Beside me, one of my friends was screaming, "Hit him Miguel, kick his face."

We began to fight in our own small circle, surrounded by the boys our age. He was down and then up and the faces of my friends twirled about me, their voices bluntly dropping against my dizziness from a distance. "Come on, Bucci, get him. Get him, Joshua, get in there, Bucci, Joshua," we swirled about pulling each other by the clothes and

swinging in tattered circles. I punched his arms and pulled his hair and fell with him rolling, rolling dizzy, a rock under my back and him on top and up, a blow appearing from nowhere in my mind, finally connected to a dull numb feeling about my nose. I was stunned and then my head was under his arm. It was dark, I could see only his knee and leg and my lap. I had a sickening feeling that I would never be able to get out into fresh air and light, I was held fast. I felt like crying, like dying, then I was spun free and got up and he fell somehow backwards and I was on top of him ready to punch his face. But I couldn't hit his open, undefended face, and held on to him to hold him down until someone would drag me off and separate us.

Johnson's flight had stopped. We stopped ours too. The mansion was entering the city but had stopped to let a funeral procession pass before it, black and long, it seemed like everybody in the city was burying the dead man, as if they all mourned. The

truck's motor roared although the progress of the house was momentarily stopped. The flowers of the dead, chrysanthemums, daffodils, roses looked gray and puny in the cold chill, they bounced cheerlessly out of sight and the house began to move into the city.

Johnson and I turned around to Miguel who tried to apologize for the fight.

"I don't know what came over me. I'm sorry that I have so little control of myself; it was like a fright, a shame and a guilt all at once," and he laughed to try to help Johnson and us to forget his words but the laugh sounded grotesque and echoed about the street without easing us.

Johnson said, "These buildings are old, it is just as well that they fall, they no longer can fulfill their responsibilities."

And I replied, "I wish... I don't know what I wish."

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7:00 pm—"English and Scottish Psalms" — Part 2.
Gifford Mitchell, B.A., B.Mus., conducting.

7:30 pm—Sermon Subject:
"WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE ABOUT JUDGMENT AND HELL?" This Sermon is preached by special request.

9:00 pm—Fellowship Hours.

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P. Beinhaker,

Director of Activities Applications.

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7:00 pm—Evensong

7:30—The Rev'd Bruce Alton
Assistant Chaplain, on "The
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MCGILL DAILY PANORAMA

Vol. 2

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1963

NO. 18

Editor's Note: Dave Francis, President of the Players' Club, attended the Canadian Inter-Varsity Drama League Festival in Toronto last weekend. In this article, he reports on the Festival and comments on certain aspects of it, in particular the judging.

Competitive Drama Festivals have several functions, the least important of which is the actual awarding of prizes, although these awards are necessary stimulants. The most vital function, however, is that actors, directors, and producers are brought together and given the opportunity, both to see each other's work, and to exchange ideas through informal discussion. This year's Inter-Varsity Drama Festival fulfilled these aims perhaps better than any previous festival has, and also managed to make great progress, in this field at least, towards biculturalism.

It was a festival of excitement. The general standard of production was higher than it has ever been; of the five separate presentations of plays, (three evenings and two matinees, from Wednesday, February 13 until Saturday the 16) four produced either electrifying moments or mature theater of a most professional nature.

One of these, the Université d'Ottawa's "La Cantatrice Chauve" (in French) was the true highlight of the Festival. The acting and direction were as good as just about anything seen on the professional stage and, needless to say, far better than that found in the average amateur university group. But this was the general tone of the Festival.

Perhaps this indicates the lead that universities are taking in English theater, in respect to experiment and imagination, but it also shows the present superiority of the French theater in Canada. This was certainly impressed upon all delegates and participants at the Festival. When the Ottawa group arrived, their play had already been produced once in the Festival, and with limited success, by Queen's University.

Having heard the play in their own language and not having found it particularly interesting, no one looked forward to a production of the same play in a language which he understood less well, if at all. From the very beginning, however, the imagination put into the production was evident and a great deal of excitement was generated. Even before the curtain rose and the audience was settled, a voice penetrated the murmuring theater... the voice of what adjudicator David Gardner called a "typical B.B.C. soprano". By the song's end this voice had been marvellously entangled with the howling of a dog (also soprano). Their ludicrous harmony extended into the first scene duet of Mrs. Smith's knitting needles and a Spike Jones record.

Touches such as these bombarded the audience throughout the play and so effectively were they executed that the play was interrupted frequently by spontaneous applause. Whereas the Queen's troupe had chosen to convey the boredom and dull conformity of the characters through boredom and dullness, the Ottawans gave the play a full range of emotion and expression which made the dialogue all the more ridiculous, as it should be.

So successful was the presentation that it received a loud and lengthy

ovation. This was repeated at the final banquet when Mr. Gardner, who did not feel qualified to adjudicate the play because of his inadequacy in French, stated for the second time that the non-competing entry should "walk away with all the silverware". He then awarded it an honorary prize, and five minutes later was able to proceed with the remaining awards.

The side effects of this dramatic event were equally important: Many people who were not even aware that there is French theatre in Canada, or perhaps considered it inconsequential (mainly those from Ontario) suddenly realized its value and that a bilingual festival could be stimulating and, above all, necessary to the development of (university) theatre in Canada.

Two members (French) of the Université d'Ottawa were subsequently elected to the posts of Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer of next year's C.I.V.D.L. Executive.

Montreal universities and colleges were well-represented and three of them among themselves, collected five of the eight prizes; the fourth should have won another for best actress in the opinion of many people.

This brings up the point of the personal opinion of the adjudicator, which is, of course, unavoidable and not infallible. David Gardner was as near ideal adjudicator as one could want; in fact, the one criticism one could make about him is that he was too fair. But he explained that he preferred Michel St. Denis' theory of criticizing gently, rather than being overly harsh. In contrast to last year's adjudicator, Mr. Guy Beaulne, he did not let his own preferences as to style of play influence his judgment of the productions, or of the original student plays.

It was the general opinion, as I have mentioned, that the best actress award did not belong to Moira Blackstock, who played the insane creature in St. Patrick's "The Red Key". Gardner commented that the choice of this play showed abominable taste. The audience had already confirmed this with its amused reaction to the "intense" and melodramatically neurotic mystery, which was treated quite seriously (by the cast and director) where it should have been a parody. Although, as Mr. Gardner stated "they made gold out of straw", it did not afford an actress the possibility of being "best"; the character was two — if not one-dimensional, and the interpretation, if the best possible, was still on the level of caricature.

The award, I thought, should have gone to either of the girls from Marianopolis; both of whom showed great technical ability and the indescribable inner force necessary to a convincing portrayal.

An example of this was the performance of Richard Monette, who won the best actor award for the second year running. His characterization and series of caricatures in Loyola's entry deserved the acclaim it received from both the adjudica-

tor ("All I can say is that he is an actor... born to the greasepaint") and the audience. He ranged from hysterically funny low comedy in his thumbnail portraits to bewitching charm and pathos, worthy of The Tempest or A Midsummer Night's Dream. Even if the French entry had been in competition, Monette would have earned the award which he received.

The Loyola production itself was the other highlight of the Festival. An Unemployed Jester is Nobody's Fool was the second consideration for the best original Canadian student-written play. Mr. Gardner chose Leaves of Autumn because he would "pick it up first to read as a piece of literature".

The other notable productions include Marianopolis' scene from Anastasia and a remarkably beautiful and thorough treatment of Christopher Fry's A Sleep of Prisoners, which won, for the Ontario College of Education, the best production award and merited, I thought, the best direction award given to Robert Gourley of Macdonald. The choice was indeed difficult; each director did the utmost with his play; but Fry is, in the long run, more intricate and complex.

Marion Dawe, also of Macdonald, deserved her distinction as best supporting actress, as did Peter Jobin of Sir George his supporting actor award.

The standard of the remaining plays was congruent with the generally high quality of the plays themselves. The students, talented and enterprising, were up to just

Awards

1963 C.I.V.D.L.

Honorary Awards: Janet Archibald, Co-convenor of Festival Université d'Ottawa, for their production.

Best Production: A Sleep of Prisoners.

Best Original Play: Leaves of Autumn.

Best Direction: Robert Gourley, Macdonald College, The Red and Yellow Ark.

Best Visual Production: Robert Gourley, Macdonald College, The Red and Yellow Ark.

Best Actor: Richard Monette, Loyola College.

Best Actress: Moira Blackstock, St. Patrick's College.

Best Supporting Actor: Peter Jobin, SGWU.

Best Supporting Actress: Marion Dawe, Macdonald College.

about any play they tackled, from Chekhov through Tennessee Williams, and Christopher Fry to Edward Albee. In the unfortunate case of the Red Key the blame lay with the play itself (and the choice thereof).

That is not to say that the standard was "professional" except in the exceptions noted and there is indeed much scope for progress. But the attitude is mature and intelligent, as is not always in off-campus groups, professional or not.

And why did McGill not enter this year? Mainly because of a general apathy towards the Players' Club, caused perhaps by the division of theatrical talent at this university, but in any case unjustified in the light of the success of the major production.

J. DAVID FRANCIS

Entries

Canadian Inter-Varsity Drama League Festival

University of Western Ontario: The Handmaiden by Linda Brown (original student-written play)

Ryerson Institute of Technology: Moony's Kid Don't Cry by Tennessee Williams.

Loyola College: An Unemployed Jester is Nobody's Fool by James Hassinger (original student-written)

Queen's University: The Bald Soprano by Eugene Ionesco.

Sir George Williams University: Whimidea by Jack Cunningham (original student-written)

Carleton University: The Zoo Story by Edward Albee.

McMaster University: Riders to the Sea by J.M. Synge.

University of Toronto: Leaves of Autumn by Alan Hughes (original student-written).

Ontario College of Education: A Sleep of Prisoners by Christopher Fry.

Macdonald College: The Red and Yellow Ark by Edward Devany.

Université d'Ottawa: La Cantatrice Chauve (The Bald Soprano) by Eugene Ionesco (non-competing)

St. Patrick's College: The Red Key by Charles Emery.

Bishop's University: Ile by Eugene O'Neill

Brescia and Christ the King Colleges: Zanorin by Catherine Brinkenden (original Canadian play).

Federated College of the Department of Agriculture: The Boor by Anton Chekhov.

Marianopolis College: The Recognition Scene from Anastasia by Marcelle Maurette adapted by Guy Bolton.

M O V I E S

A Cold Wind In August

A COLD WIND IN AUGUST. Directed by Alexander Singer. Screenplay by Burton Wohl from his own novel. At the Westmount and Outramont theatres with the following cast:

Iris Hartford Lola Albright
Vito Perugino Scott Marlowe
Juley Franz Herschel Bernardi
Papa Perugino Joe De Santis

Scholars of the cinema should enjoy investigating the source material of *A Cold Wind In August*. Although it has gained recognition as an art film, it is an adaptation of a popular "skin book", and fans of that literary genre will be glad to learn that all traces of the pumpkin have not been eliminated in the transformation into a cinematic vehicle.

But though it has its origins in the titillations of vice, the film does have artistic virtues: an economy of means, excellent acting, emotional discipline and a verisimilitude which, unlike most "realistic" movies, does not preclude idealism.

As the title might suggest, it deals with the rise and fall of a love affair (however, the director, for some unaccountable reason, has departed from the praise-worthy Hollywood habit of securing clarity by having the title clearly enunciated several times in agonizing close-up). Several varieties of love are explored, from neo-Platonic to contemporary-bestial, but most attention is focused on the liaison between an aging, but still attractive, New York stripper and the son of the janitor in her apartment building.

One soon becomes aware of another theme: the nature of innocence and experience. The janitor himself has a fundamental innocence (this sounds corny

in print, and is almost impossible to present effectively on the screen — but in this film it succeeds); his son wavers between a cynicism based on superficial and slight experience, and a strong sense of morality; the stripper's emotional confusion is covered by a sophisticated pose.

The plot is predictable, but this is a strength. The first incident contains the seeds of destruction; the viewer's participation in the lovers' triumph is tempered by consciousness of imminent disaster, but when the affair collapses, the sense of loss is mitigated by a perception of nobility. The final break is not arbitrary but the product of a combination of character and circumstance which has been built up from the beginning of the film.

"I got hot and then I cooled off", Vito says in explanation. Enough said.

E.

La Notte

LA NOTTE. Directed by Michael Antonioni. At the Elysée Art Centre.

The most frequent complaint from those who dislike *La Notte* is that it is just one more film about "the moral decay of the twentieth century". *La Notte* does deal with problems peculiar to the twentieth century, but it is definitely not "just another film".

The film is about Giovanni, a novelist, and his wife, Lidia, who live in present-day Milan. They are in their 30's, are childless, were once in love, still do live with each other, but from force of habit rather than from love. The film has no plot; it is really a series of events which takes place in one day of their lives.

A friend of the couple is on his death bed and they visit him in the hospital. It is a modern hospital, efficient and clean; its walls are white and bare. The hospital is symbolic. The words used to describe it might just as easily be used to describe Giovanni and Lidia, who come to visit there.

The scene shifts to a publisher's party in celebration of Giovanni's new book. Lidia leaves in the middle of the party and takes a long walk through the city, the camera following behind her like a little dog. Nothing important seems to happen. She encounters two men joking, a child crying, a man eating a sandwich, two people wrestling before a small group of onlookers, and some boys shooting off rockets.

All of these seem to be common experiences and everyday sights, but with Antonioni even the unimportant has significance. Everything that is present in *La Notte* tells us something about the characters, even what is not present. Lidia is constantly seen in terms of her immediate environment. The people she meets, the inanimate objects all have a message. This message is so strong that Lidia herself begins to feel it. But the feeling is numb, her capacity for response is there but weak from prolonged inactivity. She longs to join the wrestlers, the bus driver, the laughing children; the distance, however, is too great.

During her walk, Lidia comes to the neighbourhood where she and her husband used to live in the early years of their marriage. She calls Giovanni to join

her, but when he arrives the nostalgic memories of past happinesses are already cold and they leave for their apartment.

In the evening, they proceed to an all-night party at the luxurious mansion of a millionaire industrialist friend. Giovanni meets with Valentina, the millionaire's daughter, and tries unsuccessfully to use her as a means of temporarily relieving the symptoms of his disease.

Lidia, in one magnificently subtle and effective scene, leaves with a young man in his car in search of the same release — from sexual isolation. The car moves on through driving rains so heavy that we barely can see the characters. There is no dialogue, but we can sense immediately when she decides in the negative. There is no escape; even a night of love does not suffice any more.

In the gray morning, when the rain has stopped, seated on the wet grass of the estate Lidia reads an old love letter to her husband. It was one of his own, but he recognizes it no longer. He tries to make love to her, and she attempts to yield, almost out of pity. There is no use waiting around for the end, which we know beforehand, and so the camera moves on with the scene symbolically incomplete.

In this predicament, what the couple needs most is hope. But where are they to get it? Surely not from outmoded standards of morality and social relationships. Antonioni, however, is not merely another modern pessimist writing about despair. He is past this. He is accepting the facts of this new era, and in a sense so have his characters. They have recognized the facts and are trying to live with them.

Occasionally Lidia and Giovanni try to ignore them and to escape, but the attempts are half-hearted; their failure is inevitable. They will always return to each other, not because of love, but because of expediency. Antonioni has cast them naked out of Eden; they know each other's secrets and are not ashamed. They will make the best of what they have, and this, they realize, can only be done through cooperation.

Antonioni in his art is faced with a similar problem. The old concepts of art might have sufficed under the old moral and social system; when faced with the sterile materialism of the twentieth century they prove to be inadequate. Antonioni has sought a new concept and a new form for his art, and I believe that he has been moderately successful in finding it.

Not only has he found it, but (unlike many modern playwrights and other artists) he has used it to communicate successfully. The time scale, for instance, is in a one to one ratio with real life. We see everything the character does, and what he doesn't do. The conventional idea of the plot is done away with; the characters are not made to run through the usual course of obstacles. As in real life, their actions are not necessarily reflections of their thoughts, and Antonioni does not force any necessary connection; he merely stands by and observes.

Things happen in the film without any reason. Antonioni, we feel, has not purposely put them there; he has merely recorded their occurrence. And this form seems apt for what the film is about. The characters are no longer frozen into the age-old mould of morality; they are fluid and Antonioni has made

no attempt to contain them artificially. The water flows out to seek its own comfortable level, and Antonioni's camera follows.

MARTIN MALINA

Question 7

QUESTION 7. Produced by Lothar Wolff. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg. Screenplay by Allan Sloane. At the Avenue with the following cast: Friedrich Gottfried Michael Gwynn, Marie Gottfried Margaret Jahn, Peter Gottfried Christian de Bresson, Annaliese Zingler Almut Eggert, Rolf Starke Erik Schumann

This is a very vivid portrayal of the struggles of the churches against the Communist regime in East Germany. Superimposed upon this background is the turmoil in the consciences of a small-town Pastor, his wife, and musically-talented fifteen-year-old son. While the background is excellently depicted, with almost documentary objectivity, the personal conflicts leave something to be desired.

There are some spine-chilling scenes, reminiscent of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four*. When high school students are asked in History period as to who the enemies of the people are, they raise their hands in unison to answer. They are bursting with enthusiasm to be chosen to recite their well-memorized answers — "the Church and the bourgeois capitalists". There are incessant programs, slogans, loud-speakers, and committees.

As the movie opens, the Pastor is sent to a new parish, to replace the last one, who has been sentenced to hard labour because one of his sermons was interpreted by the police as inciting to riot. He runs into constant trouble.

Then comes the bombshell — a questionnaire to determine political attitudes is introduced into the schools in order to decide who shall be allowed to proceed to University. The son is told to think carefully, as his answers will make or break his musical career. He is tempted to lie, but does the only possible thing — he doesn't succumb.

This is the kind of movie which should be reserved for audiences of Sunday School children (preferably young ones) and East German refugees — the only ones likely to believe it. More sophisticated viewers, as is the case in some Westerns, are likely to stick up for the Indians, who (the Communists) are all portrayed as sincere people.

The scenes with the Pastor cross the thin line between drama and melodrama, so that most of his heroic utterances become mock-heroic. They are, at best, the most elementary of religious clichés (sample: "We are all little children in the hands of God.") Although all the Biblical excerpts in his sermons are carefully chosen to dovetail neatly into the changing circumstances, (e.g. "The present is transitory, the future is eternal") the religious point of view could have been far more eloquently presented.

There is evidence to the fact that church membership, despite persecution, has increased in some Communist coun-

tries, notably the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, one gets the feeling that if every East German cleric attacks what is essentially a complicated problem in the melodramatic and unsophisticated manner of the one in this film, the church is both doomed and deserving of its fate.

A.R.

The Inquisitive Medic

THE INQUISITIVE MEDIC. Produced by Walter Shenson and Milton Holmes. Directed by Don Chaffey. Screenplay by Milton Holmes based on story by Patricia Lee and Paul Dickenson. At the Kent Theatre with the following cast: Barrister Terry-Thomas, Michele Sonja Ziemann, Kennedy Alex Nicol

The last two or three years have seen the decline and fall of the British comedy. What started as sophisticated, witty humour degenerated to the predictable slapstick of typecast stereotypes. The latest Terry-Thomas effort, apparently attempting to avoid this, results in confusion.

If blame has to be assigned, it is chiefly the Director's fault. He never quite decides whether the film is a comedy or a whodunit, and this is where the main weakness of the film lies. One gets the impression that the movie was made in three distinct parts, spliced end to end. The first part (each part is about one-half hour long) is rather dull narrative, supposedly to set up the plot for what is to come. The second is the inevitable chase sequences, and the final section is devoted to the final unravelling.

Archibald Barrister (played by Terry-Thomas), in his capacity as epidemic investigator for the World Health Organization, is first portrayed as a bumbling, ineffective, overzealous "germ detective". Then he becomes a Keystone Cop-type, during the chase scenes. Finally, the versatile hero assumes the features of a Sherlock Holmes, and, in very serious and unfarical manner, solves the mystery.

The abilities and personalities of the other characters shift in relation to Barrister, corresponding to his charges. At first they are normal, while he is a dolt, then they are straight. While he is funny, and, at the end, they are as clueless as he is sagacious.

The other principals tend to be weak stereotypes. Michele, as a reforming playgirl, is unconvincing. Most of the time she is on the set, the camera seems to focus on her more obvious attributes. As for Kennedy, who doesn't believe her either, he is too virtuous and too naive to be an American oil entrepreneur. The thread of the plot is so thin, and so inconsequential, that the interest of the movie is little more than the vacillations of these three through changes in their own characters, like a race of chameleons across a tarmac.

Although the villains are suitably detestable, the mystery element is of little consequence or interest.

For those who like scenery, there are some magnificent shots in the Swiss Alps (the location for the third part of the film). The view from the cable cars is awesome. However, when the score is added up, *The Inquisitive Medic* is neither a very funny comedy, nor a very baffling mystery.

A.R.

NATIONAL THEATRE SCHOOL'S CIRCLE

The Caucasian Chalk Circle, currently being performed at the Studio, is a must for those who would make their acquaintance with Brecht. A later work, the Circle draws together the many disparate elements which run through his earlier plays. It is a many-faceted, lyrical, satirical, harsh and at once intimate work which is concerned with the girl Grusha who saves the son of a despot forced to flee the country due to an insurrection of the princes.

Grusha, a poor, sympathetic but not too sweet thing, rather shrewd at that, is seen through Part One of the play as she struggles to keep possession of the child in the face of perils physical and mental. She succeeds in doing so, though she must marry an apparently dying man to give the child a name and thereby resign the hopes she had had for the long awaited rendez-vous with her lover. The decision is not easy for her; she at one time decides to give the child up, only to find herself incapable of doing so. The loneliness and the sense of isolation she must feel should be apparent.

The Studio is a small place and the players are at times obliged to use every nook in the Studio cranny to make their exits and entrances. The Director had conceived a hard-hitting, very direct presentation so that some of the scenes, especially the panic in the palace, were somewhat distracting.

The first part is carried by the interrelationships of Grusha and the people she comes upon and the players developed these relationships with skill. Yet there is also a lyrical element to this part which follows the action like an overtone, a certain breadth, lacking in this performance, which gives the whole section its poignancy. One tended to view the parts in disproportion to the whole, this result stemming from the manner in which the performance was conceived. Relationships are stressed overmuch; Grusha never really stands alone as she should have, and the bitter aloneness she must experience is not fully brought out.

Social Issues

Part Two leaves Grusha and her travail behind and introduces Azdak, the village rogue and new judge of the beleaguered city. The tone of the play changes; we are dealing now with social, not personal issues. The comparative simplicity of Grusha gives way to the impulsive and socially conscious judge. Lyricism departs and in its stead a string of selected curses. While in Part One we view the people as individuals, now they are representative of social types.

The play continues with a series of trials delivered in a lively tour de force manner and culminates in the famous test of the chalk circle when Grusha, as the "real" mother is given the child in the final paradox of justice.

Heath Lambert as Azdak is a very talented actor with a fine sense of pace; each caustic line is delivered with clarity and precision. My only objection is that he is so consciously a performer, he is so involved in what he is doing, that once again the broader aspects of the work tend to drop from view. Azdak should always be something more than the lines he delivers, always more of a vehicle than a personality.

On the whole the performance is most entertaining and cannot fail to please. Everyone should make an effort to go. It is free.

SEYMOUR WEINGARTEN



Lola Albright and Scott Marlowe play an older woman and the 17-year-old who falls in love with her, in *A Cold Wind in August*. The film was adapted from the novel by Burton Wohl.

Irma Falls Short Of TNM Standard

More than six years after the appearance of *Irma-la-Douce* as a Paris shoe-string production, Montreal was treated Wednesday night to an *Irma* that is perhaps the most faithful to the original. Unfortunately, the production fell short of the Theatre du Nouveau Monde's usual standard.

Director Jean Gascon says musical comedies of the last 30

years have found inspiration in either Offenbach or Brecht and Weill. Whether this is accurate when considering American musical comedies is another thing, but as an analysis of *Irma*, he is quite right.

Notorious Pigalle of a few decades past and the hoods that made it notorious are the backbone of *Irma*. One of the hoods, Nestor-le-Fripé, falls in love with *Irma-la-Douce*, the pro most in demand in the neighborhood, and decides she can support two as cheaply as one. Being a pleasant fellow Nestor is jealous of *Irma*'s clients. Disguised as Mr. Oscar he becomes *Irma*'s papa gâteau (sugar daddy). In order to pay for *Irma*'s daily services, which are returned to him at night, Nestor — the miserable wretch — must work. The demands upon him are physically impossible and when *Irma* complains that Mr. Oscar at noon applies himself more diligently than Nestor at night, he gives up the Mr. Oscar impersonation. Everyone

thinks he has done Mr. Oscar in and he is sentenced to Devil's Island just as he learns *Irma* is pregnant. Naturally, everything is eventually set aright.

Remembering the success of "L'Opera de Quatre Sous" last year, it is curious the TNM found the similar *Irma* so difficult.

The male chorus are not the best of singers, but what is worst, they couldn't execute their routine in tempo. One of the group is simply miscast: he doesn't have an iota of rhythm in his body. There also seemed to be some difficulty finding spots.

Guylaine Guy gives a convincing *Irma*. She belts out her songs in torch singer style and is most successful singing solo. Her performance is equalled by Pierre Thériault, as Nestor. When singing duets Miss Guy should reverse positions with her partner. As it is at the moment she faces obliquely back stage and her voice, which trails off in low passages, is difficult to hear.

The most successful scene was the trial of Nestor. The indefatigable Guy Hoffmann, aided by Jean Gascon and Jean Louis Roux was tremendous. Roux as the inebriated prose-

(Cont'd on page 4
of Panorama)

'Patate' Contains Serious Overtones

"Patate" is a French slang expression for either a potato or a clod, and it is the title of Marcel Achard's play that opened Friday night at Le Rideau Vert.

The play is ostensibly a comedy — and so the Theatre Stella audience took it to be — but an unmistakable seriousness emanated from between the lines. The ability of Mr. Achard to draw out the subtleties and nuances in the no less than five major characters in the play is astonishing. *Patate*, both the play and its main character, are superficially uncomplicated but are really larded with innuendoes.

A journeyman inventor, *Patate* is plagued with the curse of his profession. Most of his inventions are worthless. He usually unloads the finance of his projects on the back of his bitter rival, Carridine.

When the curtain rises, *Patate* has bought an invention for a song and is passing it off to Carridine as his own. *Patate* is fanatically envious of his wealthy patron and he tries to

cajole him into buying it at about a 400 per cent profit.

His scheme is found out but he is saved by his adopted daughter Alexa — a young woman who is at once charming, sincere, outspoken and fearless.

It turns out that the reason Alexa was so successful in her father's behalf is that she is having a clandestine affair with Carridine. *Patate* traps him visiting Alexa and realizes his long dream of sweet revenge on the helpless Carridine, only to discover that revenge has soured over the years.

It is unfortunate the play follows such a predictable course of conflict and resolution. The final act, with the return of Carridine to his wife and his reconciliation with *Patate*, everyone feeling the wiser for their experiences, is a hasty and unconvincing solution.

Curiously, *Patate* and Carridine are dear friends who have known each other all their lives. But their relationship has had another dimension, one dominated by *Patate*'s consuming jealousy. Another unexpected characteristic of *Patate* is that

he is amiable. His wife and Alexa are well aware of the wealth of his personality: he reveres them as they revere him. Any conflict of interest is removed by the intense love they have for one another.

Jean Duceppe as Leon Rollo (*Patate*) is remarkable. His performance completely reflects the vicissitudes of character and desire in *Patate*. He is resourceful in his actions and radiates an atmosphere of optimism and self-confidence. Gérard Poirier as his rival gives an aloof and convincing interpretation. He could not have been better cast. He has always played his roles with an aristocratic reserve and impeccable bearing that lends itself to a slightly objectionable character such as Carridine.

The female cast is as competent as the male. Margot Campbell is a consistent scene stealer as the saucy Alexa, while Olivette Thibault and Catherine Bégin as the wives of *Patate* and Carridine give studied and triumphant performances. Unfortunately their time on stage and the material at their disposal does not give them the opportunity that falls to Mr. Duceppe, Mr. Poirier or Miss Campbell.

The direction was excellent and the only comment I have to make about the sets is that the frugal home of *Patate* appears as a tastefully furnished uptown Montreal apartment on stage.

PETER THOMPSON

PANORAMA

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1963

jazz

by rick kitaeff

On Jazz Criticism

The attention devoted in last week's *Panorama* to the criticism of classical music, poetry and the theatre brings to mind the matter of jazz criticism, which has inevitably in this self-conscious age been discussed endlessly by all who have an interest in the young and growing art form — most recently in the pages of *Coda*, the Canadian Jazz Magazine, where a controversy has raged between the supporters of two rival Montreal jazz critics.

There are in general two extreme views of what jazz criticism should be ideally. Pedants and many musicians lament the uninformed, opinionated trash that is too often passed off as jazz criticism and would have prospective critics first engage in a comprehensive historical and theoretical analysis of the music as a firm academic foundation for sane criticism.

Chief among these is Gene Lees, former editor of *Downbeat*, who claims that "next to the prime requisite, a knowledge of jazz, the greatest need of the jazz critic is a knowledge of 'classical' music" in order to combat the all too frequent "tendency to be cowed by certain musicians of known erudition (specifically, John Lewis and Jimmy Guiffre, who succeeded through their support of Ornette Coleman in intimidating a host of critics and fans to bestow recognition on this undisciplined and distinctly limited musical stylist).

At the same time, Lee does not suggest that jazz criticism should be left to the musicians, for they are just as easily cowed by personal and professional considerations, and moreover, they "have proved themselves to be enormously biased and cruel as critics".

But the detailed technical analysis advocated by the pedants lacks a necessary ingredient of good musical criticism. An observation like "Parker climaxes his upward crescendo with a high F natural forming the flatted ninth of the chord" may be musically correct, but as Edward Reynolds notes, "how far away from the actual creative thought processes of the musician!" Such analysts imagine that the improvised solos of a jazz musician are conceived in the same premeditated way as the harmonic and rhythmic patterns of a composer, rather than with the characteristic spontaneity of jazz.

At the other extreme from the pedants are the wild enthusiasts who attempt subjectively to evoke the primitive emotions at the heart of the musician's creative effort. Such an attempt was a recent *Downbeat* article by Mark Crawford, expressing a fantastic, poetical involvement in "the white-hot, bittersweet thunder" of early hop pianist Bud Powell at a Paris night-club one summer evening. In one extended metaphor, the author likens Powell at the piano to Captain Ahab, launching a frenzied assault at the great white whale:

"Whaling and wailing, like nobody master or monster, tearing at him across no man's water, closing in with all his fury, attacking, attacking, my God! attacking, and pounding, pounding, the way the old masters pounded..."

While such unrestrained outbursts may seem uncomfortably intimate and lacking in critical values to the serious student of jazz, one must concede that passages like this do succeed where the objective attempts have failed, in truly revealing "the actual creative thought processes of the musician."

At this early stage in the development of jazz, at any rate, we can have no more stable a standard of criticism than these thought processes. And in the end it must be recognized that they contain elements of both technical invention and emotional fervor.

Jazz This Weekend

This weekend the new J. J. Johnson Quartet makes its debut at La Tete de l'Art, 1451 Metcalfe Street, with Johnson, trombone, Chuck Israels, bass, Herb Hancock, piano, and Walter Perkins, drums. Herb Hancock will remain in town until next weekend.

The big-name policy of La Tete de l'Art has been taken up by the Lindy's Upstairs Club, which has been for several months now the home of swinging sounds provided by the Charlie Biddle combo. In future weeks, the house group will be joined by local trumpeter Herbie Spanier, universally respected composer-arranger-tenor saxophonist Benny Golson, and — it is rumoured — tenor saxophonist P. J. Lundy.

RADIO MCGILL

CFCF-FM, 92.5 mc
OPERATION SIGNPOST

Monday, February 25

7 pm — OPENING NIGHT

Requirements for University admission, the role of the university in modern society, and the importance and value of a university education will be discussed by C. McDougall, McGill Registrar, W. K. Molson, McGill Director of Admissions, D. L. Peets, Sir George Registrar, and Rev. C. B. O'Keefe, Dean of Loyola.

Tuesday, February 26

7 pm — ARTS EVENING

Profs. C. Gordon (Classics), A. Lucas (English), and P. Zagorin (History) will discuss their respective specialties and the Arts Faculty in general. For the second half of the program, four Arts graduates will speak on their personal reasons for having chosen Arts.

Wednesday, February 27

7 pm — SCIENCE EVENING

Guests will be the Loyola's Chemistry Department Head, Father Graham, and a Loyola biochemist, Prof. Lange of the Sir George Williams Physics Department, zoologist Dr. Pasteur, biologist Dr. MacIsaac, both of McGill, and Prof. T. Lloyd, chairman of Mc-

Gill's Geography Department. Dr. M. Dunbar, an arctic ecologist at McGill, will sum up the program.

Thursday, February 28

7 pm — ENGINEERING AND NURSING EVENING

Engineering Dean Joly will moderate a student panel discussion analysing the Faculty. Prof. A. R. Edis, Montreal Director of McGill's project HARP will discuss the project. Dr. Rae Chittick, Director of the School for Graduate Nurses, will be interviewed about the course.

Friday, March 1

7 pm — COMMERCE EVENING

Guests will be Dr. W.H. Pugsley, Assistant Prof. of Managing and Marketing at McGill University, Dr. F.J. Hayes, Chairman of the Economics Dept. at Loyola College, and Dean G. R. Curnew of Sir George Williams University. They will be interviewed and then take part in a general discussion with a panel of four high-school students. Subjects under discussion will be entrance requirements for the Faculties of Commerce of all the universities, and the general applications of a B. Com. degree.



The two stars of *The Inquisitive Medic*, which opens today at the Kent Theatre, are Terry Thomas (right) and Meetah. The film is billed as a comedy-mystery, and in this scene seems to have some of the aspects of a Disney true-life adventure.

WHO'S GOT THE ACTION?

WHO'S GOT THE ACTION? Produced by Jack Rose. Directed by Daniel Mann. Screenplay by Jack Rose from a book by Alexander Rose. At the Palace Theatre with the following cast:

Steve Flood Dean Martin
Melanie Flood Lana Turner
Clint Morgan Eddie Albert

The title refers to a Univac owning bookie, whose mechanical brain informs him that four of his best clients are no longer using his syndicate's services. The bookie now sets out to find *Who's Got The Action*. Anyone who bothered to come at the beginning of the film knows that it's Melanie Flood (Lana Turner) who has it.

A perceptibly aging, ever-eyebrowless Lana Turner lives with her husband, Steve (Dean Martin) in Hollywood's conception of a young lawyer's apartment, i.e. average American middle class splendour. She

finds out from her husband's partner, played by Eddie Albert, that what seems to be her husband's disinterest is merely his pre-occupation over his betting losses. As a resourceful wife she chooses to take on his bets rather than let the bookies get richer, or, heaven forbid, let some reality enter the film by discussing the problem with her delinquent husband.

With the connivance of the hopefully lecherous partner she takes the bets of her husband and three of his friends. Of course they win on a couple of longshots.

To gain the funds to pay off the bets, Melanie goes through a series of manoeuvres which provide most of what is supposed to pass as the humour. One of her best sources of ready cash is to sell her furniture to a next-door neighbour who, wonder of wonders, turns out to be the girl friend of our mechanical brain — possessing bookie.

Oh, yes, there is also a "funny" Mexican maid who, thankfully, is no longer heard of after the first reel.

Apart from a few lines thrown by the bookie in fairly good Damon Runyonesque style, very little else of the film is even funny, though most of it is quite laughable.

D.T.

Irma-La-Douce

(Cont'd from page 3
of *Panorama*)

actor for the Republic was unrecognizable in his make-up — with Roux this is very difficult — and the calibre of his performance had everyone searching their programmes for the identity of this prodigious "new-comer".

Action was uneven. It almost came to a stand-still in the Devil's Island scene. The sets were equally disappointing. Robert Prevost showed ingenuity with his roll-out sets but the noise of back-drops being pulled in on a clothes-line suspension interfered with the action of the scenes that followed. The

timber truss of one of the roll-out platforms was left exposed. From the audience it was mechanical, drab and ugly.

The costumes of François Barbeau were excellent.

Many of the production's flaws will disappear with a few more performances when opening night complications are over come. Those that remain will be compensated by the wonderful music of Marguerite Monnot. Miss Monnot, incidentally, besides collaborating with Alexandre Breffort in writing *Irma*, supplies Edith Piaf with many of her songs.

P. T.

Leontyne Price Thrills Audience

The Montreal Symphony Orchestra conducted by Zubin Mehta with guest soprano Leontyne Price. The third Star Dollar Concert took place at the Forum Wednesday night with the following program:

Beethoven
Symphony No. 8 in F major, Opus 93
Mozart
The Magic Flute, "Ach, ich fuhle"
Verdi

Aida, "Ritorna vincitor", "O patria mia"
Bartok
Puccini
Madame Butterfly, "Un bel di"
Puccini
La Rondine, "La Canzone di Doretta"
De Falla
Dance from the three-Cornered Hat
Wednesday evening's Star Dollar Concert was another in this excellent series, bringing to Montreal the foremost personalities of the music world. With Mr. Mehta at the helm I might have expected another evening of virtuoso conducting and bravura playing from the orchestra. But this was not the case. Perhaps it was the very nature of the program, or that the orchestra was not responding to Mehta's demands. It may also have been due to the perennial acoustical difficulties.

My first impression was that Beethoven's Eighth Symphony is too light a work to fill the immense Forum space. It is not heavily scored and no world-shaking climaxes are reached. But even for all this, the sound produced by the orchestra was essentially anaemic.

There were passages where the ensemble was bad, where justice was not done to the maestro's beat, and passages where the horns did little justice to the notes. In all the performance can be summarized as being only fairly good.

Mr. Mehta shared the spotlight with the wonderful Metropolitan Opera soprano, Leontyne Price. It was strange to contrast her powerful voice against the combined force of some ninety instruments. Needless to say, the orchestra suffered in comparison. Miss Price has a rich and magnificent voice.

What's more, Leontyne Price looks superb; every inch a grand diva, she combines that poise, that elegance, with that captivating stage presence which is a trade mark of the great prima donnas. Before she was through she had the rafters shaking with a thunderous applause and the most frenzied screams for an encore that I've yet heard at these concerts.

The program was, unfortunately for Mr. Mehta, arranged in such a way as to draw little attention to itself. I had the feeling that the Bartok *Dance Suite* was a filler. Although charming and perhaps brilliant under more suitable conditions, the anticipation of hearing Miss Price again made the Suite dull fare. They also suffered by being placed against the Puccini arias.

The same went for De Falla's popular *Dances from the Three Cornered Hat*, which closed the program. It was virtually impossible for me to give a fair hearing to the work because of the noise of people leaving and disappointed mutterings at Miss Price's refusal to do a second encore. Judging, however from Mehta's motions, the work was brought to a splendid and loud conclusion.

TADEK KORN

WEST INDIAN WEEK

At McGill February 25 to March 1

Art, drama, music, discussions, social entertainment — through these media the West Indian Societies of McGill and Sir George Williams Universities intend to present a panorama of West Indian life.

Throughout the next week the two clubs will hold various programs as part of West Indian Week. The purpose of the events, in the words of the Presidents of the two societies, is "to enhance understanding between the peoples of Canada and the West Indies."

Toward this purpose, as well as toward "the exchange of ideas, the desire to learn more about each other, and the necessity for people of all races to dwell together in unity", the clubs hope to cover through West Indian Week the many and varied aspects of West Indian life.

The program of West Indian Week will officially begin when Professor F. Clarke Fraser of McGill's Department of Genetics will open the art exhibition Monday at 6:30 pm in the Club Room of the Union. The official opening will be followed immediately by a West Indian Supper in the Cafeteria.

Art Exhibit — The art exhibition, which will be open until Wednesday when it will move on to Sir George, will feature paintings, arts and crafts, canned fruits and vegetables, and pictures depicting the history of the West Indies.

On Tuesday there will be a panel discussion on the topic, "Rapid Industrialization — its desirability and possible consequences in the West Indies". The discussion, to be held at 7:30 pm in the SGWU Common

SCHEDULE

Tickets Available At Box Office

MONDAY: 6:30 pm, Union: Opening of Art Exhibition.
7 pm, Union: West Indian Supper.

TUESDAY: 7:30 pm, SGWU Common Room: Panel discussion on Industrialization.
Exhibition continues.

WEDNESDAY: 7:30 pm, Union: Films and poetry reading.

THURSDAY: 7:30 pm, Union: Debate on Cultural Influences.

FRIDAY: 9 pm, Union Ballroom: Carnival Dance.

SATURDAY: 3 & 8:30 pm, Birks Hall, SGWU: Two West Indian plays.

Room, will be chaired by Jeff Davidson, with Wilma Augustine, Alvin Johnson, Kelth Hunt,

and Gurnal Dillon as the panel.

Wednesday will see various aspects of the West Indies exposed through the media of films and poetry. This will be held at 7:30 pm in the Union's Walter M. Stewart Room.

A debate will be held Thursday on the topic "Resolved that Anglo-Saxon Influence has retarded the development of West Indian culture".

The McGill team, consisting of Dorothy Thomas and Neil George, will take the affirmative, while Joseph Mancoo and Richard Leslie from Sir George will take the negative. The debate, to be chaired by Larry Lutchansingh, will also take place in the Stewart Room of the Union at 7:30 pm.

Dance Friday — A Carnival Dance will be held in the Union Ballroom on Friday at 9 pm. Music will be provided by the Melotones, a Steel Band.

Finally, on Saturday, two

West Indian plays will be presented. The two, "Africa Sling Shot" and "Apartment To Let", will be accompanied by an interlude of creative dancing. The organizers of the program regard it as symbolic that the former play was written by a Canadian now resident in the West Indies.

The Presidents of the two clubs regard the benefit derived from past Africa Weeks as two-way; not only has the West Indian student benefitted from "interpreting his country's way of life", but Canadians have used the week to "show their sincere, kind hopes for our young countries."

This year's West Indian Week is taking place in the shadow of the recent break-up of the West Indian Federation. The clubs at both universities are presenting this program to demonstrate that "Federation may be dead politically but not culturally."

NOEL ROY

The Necktie Party

You know, I've always wanted to be a writer. (Freudian demise desire?) So, to let me get an idea of how a really big political writer operates, I wrangled my way into a press conference the other night. It was being held by the notable local-boy-made-good, Charles Necktieparty, and his subjects were political leaders from the four parties. He was interested in getting their views about the forthcoming election. It was so interesting I feel I should share it with you.

I arrived a little early and Mr. Necktieparty asked me to hide in his wastepaper basket so that I would not disturb the subjects. "It is very important to make your subjects feel at ease," he said. Once in the basket I watched him put out four chairs in the bare room and seat himself in one to wait for the men.

Oddly enough they all arrived together, laughing and talking about gardening and other hobbies they had.

Mr. Necktieparty leaped up slowly to shake their hands. Not wishing to offend anyone right away he greeted them in alphabetical order: Mr. Dief, Mr. Doug, Mr. Pear, and Mr. Thom. All but Mr. Pear having counted their fingers, they moved toward the chairs.

Mr. Necktieparty beat Mr. Dief to the last one whereupon Mr. Thom rose to say that for a small consideration he would allow Mr. Dief to sit. Mr. Dief declined, saying that he preferred to stand alone.

"Well gents, I guess you know why I have asked you all here," said Charles. Pretending not to hear a 'No' from Mr. Thom, he continued, "I, with the true public interest at heart, am now offering you my vast audience (here he broke into a fit of giggles mumbling something about 'captive in parts' or something) who are waiting eagerly for my impressions of your impressions of how the coming election will go."

"We'll start with Mr. Pear."

"Well, I just hope that nobody brings up this anti-Americanism, that's all; that's all."

"Thank you Mr. Pear. Now you, Mr. Doug."

"I would like to say that I personally did not have anything to do with the recent

cabinet 'revolt', but it constituted a consummation devoutly wished."

"Nobody better mention anti-Americanism, boy," interjected Mr. Pear.

"Mr. Thom."

"My parties, when elected, would administer a great many adjustments to the economy —"

"Remember, not a word about 'anti-Americanism'," said Mr. Pear.

"How about you now, Mr. Dief?"

"I —"

"Have you ever said 'anti-Americanism' Mr. Dief?" questioned Mr. Necktieparty at this point.

"Anti-Americanism?" said Mr. Dief, "I —"

"Well that completes the interview, gentlemen. Good night!"

Mr. Dief left on foot, Mr. Pear and Mr. Doug left back-to-back on their tandem bicycle and Mr. Thom, kite under arm, went up to the attic.

Charles turned to me and said "That's all there is to it kid; simple as pie."

"Now I'll show you the great stories I will feed my loving readers tomorrow. Four, count 'em, four."

- (1) "Mr. Dief Shouts 'Anti-Americanism' During Interview on Policy."
- (2) "Thom Would Fill Cabinet with Chiropractors — 'Adjustments Necessary.'"
- (3) "Doug Denies Hands Dirty But Urged Revolution."
- (4) "Generous, Kind, Lovable Pear Urges Love, Understanding."

"A clear, true, picture of the leaders and the situations; that's what I strive to give my readers," said Charlie.

He added, "Of course, when I get in a bind I can always prop a mirror up on my liquor cooler and interview sources close to the cabinet."

I left a sadder but wiser man; I hope you will benefit from my experiences too.

Oh, by the way, Mr. Necktieparty's autobiographical account 'Origin of the Specious' published by Doubletalk and Co. will be on the stands soon.

This commentary on the political scene originally appeared in The Gauntlet, student newspaper of the University of Alberta at Calgary, as a column entitled "Pig's Eye". It was written by DAVE SURPLIS.

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THE MASTHEAD

SOCIETY NEVER HONOURS THE ARTIST. SELDOM IS HE FETED OR HIS WORK RECEIVED WITH DUE RESPECT. HE IS FATED TO DIE A PAUPER, ONLY TO BE LAUDED POSTHUMOUSLY. THIS BEING THE CASE, I HAVE DEVELOPED WHAT FREUDIANS CALL A VERY STRONG "DEATH WISH". THE REASON I HAVE RECEIVED NOT A LETTER IN RESPONSE TO MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT EXPORTING THE MASTHEADS TO THE NEWSFEATURES PAGES, THIS BEING THE CASE, I HAVE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED DISAPPEARING COMPLETELY IN THE HOPE THAT A VOLUME OF COLLECTED MASTHEADS WOULD BE PUBLISHED IN COMMEMORATION OF MY PAST. BUT ENOUGH OF THIS DEPRESSING SUBJECT. AN ARTIST MUST HAVE AN INDOMITABLE SPIRIT, SO, I SHALL CONTINUE TO PRODUCE MY UNAPPRECIATED MASTHEADS TO SALVE MY CREATIVE MUSE AND MY OVERBEARING EDITORS. BUT WHAT IS THERE TO SAY? IN MY LONG EXPERIENCE, I HAVE QUOTED SHAKESPEARE, OVID, HOMER, WORDSWORTH, AND JOCKEY FLEMING. IT IS NOT EVEN LEFT TO ME TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON NOTHING, AS A CERTAIN MANAGING EDITOR OF ONE OF MONTREAL'S ENGLISH-SPEAKING EVENING PAPERS HAS ALREADY MANAGED TO FILL A COMPLETE PAGE OF THE ENTERTAINMENT SECTION WITH NOTHING AT ALL. SO NOW AM I, A MEASLY DAILYITE, TO SATIATE THE HUNGRY MINDS OF THE CAMPUS INTELLECTUALS? WHAT CAN I DO TO FEED THE STARVING MASSES THEIR DAILY RATION OF INTELLIGENT RUMINATIONS? AFTER MUCH SOUL-SEARCHING AND MENTAL SELF-EXAMINATION, I HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE ONLY TOPIC WORTHY OF REPEATED DISCUSSION IS... FONORA.



— PAUL WANG

L'homo universale, the many-sided man of the Renaissance, is embodied at McGill in Professor George Galavaris of the Fine Arts Department. To his students, he does not merely lecture on the Italian Humanists, but devotes his life to the emulation of their lofty aims and ideals.

Yet it is not a mere figure of speech to say that Dr. Galavaris "lives" art, for he sees it as an integral part of man. In an age of technology and mechanization, the study of fine arts is a counterbalance to a purely physical existence. "Art in every form is the daily bread of our own selves," he feels.

"It reveals the metaphysical side of man — an Eternal Self, of which Kierkegaard wrote." While he acknowledges the gratitude which we owe to science for the wonders and comforts it provides, human beings cannot feel complete until they indulge in the humanities which are synthesized in fine arts.

Everyone is a born artist in some way or another, he believes, so the function of the ideal teacher is to evoke this spirit. The appreciation of beauty is not merely an innate characteristic in each of us but the study of art attunes us to see creations in a proper light. This consciousness of aesthetics has led to the great interest in art now manifest in Canada, especially at universities.

In his view, as one who has seen similar faculties at univer-

sities throughout the world, the Fine Arts Department at McGill compares quite favourably in the quality of its instructors and facilities. He is especially pleased at the prospect of the physical expansion of the department in the proposed Arts Building extension.

Galavaris does not hold the oft-repeated view that art is the common possession of everybody. He regretted the trend which was supplanting the study of original works of art with books and reproductions. This was as inadequate as listening to a recording rather than the actual performance of a concert. Again it documents the dependence of society on the technical rather than creative life. A definite art education comprised of history, criticism and aesthetics is the only road to a meaningful appreciation of art.

He is fully aware that not all Fine Arts students desire Art for Art's Sake. "There is a tendency of people to take Fine Arts courses because it is the fashionable thing to do", he says, "but fortunately this percentage decreases as the years go by and is much less than in the past."

He deplores the attitude of students who merely want to sound erudite in cocktail conversation. Those who expect to relax in the murky darkness and watch the "pretty pictures"

PROFESSORIAL PROFILES

get a rude awakening when they encounter the difficult and demanding work it entails, he wryly observed.

One of the dominant features of art as a subject is its universality. A lecture by Dr. Galavaris is apt to include recordings of ancient Greek hymns or Italian madrigals, readings from the sonnets of Michelangelo, a dissertation on Christian theology or neo-Platonic philosophy.

Depending on his particular class, he is equally credible presenting the ideology of an Egyptian pharaoh, a Byzantine saint, a classical Humanist or a French courtier at Versailles. This diversity of tastes reflects his extraordinary background and travels.

Born in Greece, Galavaris was educated in classics and philosophy at the University of Athens, receiving his Master's degree in History and Archeology. His great interest in literature and music led him to other European universities. Having lectured for a time, he arrived in the United States, and obtained a Master of Fine Arts and a Ph.D. from Princeton.

He was then appointed a Fellow at the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection, a branch of Harvard at Washington, D.C. It is the Institute of Byzantine Studies founded by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss.

At the encouragement of Professor Judkins, Chairman of the Department of Fine Arts, Galavaris came to McGill four years ago. What led scholar of such international repute to come to a university whose department was still in its infancy? Dr. Galavaris recalled the challenge of formation, the academic freedom to pursue his studies and most importantly, the friendship and aid of Professor Judkins, to whom he feels deeply grateful.

Deeply conscious of the need to keep up with new developments especially in the fields of archeology and ancient sculpture, he has for many years spent

George Galavaris

FINE ARTS

each summer abroad doing research. Following his best-known specialty, manuscript illumination, leads him to study rolls and codexes in such famed libraries as the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the British Museum, Vatican Library, the Pontifical Institute as well as lesser-known museums as far as Turkey.

Plagued by the influx of tourists, he is able to escape, as he did in 1958, to the solitude of a month's stay at Mount Athos,

the unique monastic community in Greece. He has published several articles on Mediaeval and ancient art as a result of the first-hand information gathered on these journeys.

In this respect Dr. Galavaris, as a present-day Humanist, verifies the observation of the wandering scholar Urceus who wrote: "Wherever a learned man fixes his seat there is home."

FRANKLIN TOKER

'NEATH THE HILL

with
robert prinsky
Newsfeatures Editor

It's election time again and people who haven't even nodded to you all year are now your bosom buddies, reliving the Good Old Days, taking you into confidence, and asking you to "talk me up". I will state immediately that I am not running for anything, nor am I anybody's campaign manager. I am not even a deputy returning officer.

With these little details in mind, plus the fact that this newspaper is constitutionally required to be perfectly unbiased in student elections, I will now proceed to mention a few things which I feel every good voter should take it upon himself to know, and of course it goes without saying that every good McGillian should be a voter.

It is something of an anomaly that the most autonomous student body in North America should express so little interest in who runs it. Voting turnouts of thirty per cent at the polls are considered very good. Why don't people vote, you ask? Most of them say that they know so little about the candidates that they cannot make an intelligent choice. This is probably true.

Then all sorts of people say that the campus is run by a clique; the same group of people do everything. The only ones who stand a chance of being elected always seem to be members of that in-group. What sense is there in voting when the results are almost pre-determined anyway? The average student, it would seem, has no say whatsoever in what goes on.

Two very good points, these. I only wish I could take the credit for having thought of them myself, but they are recurring ones whose origins are lost in the sands of time. It would seem to me that the best step which could be taken, initially, is to educate the voters. Everybody stops reading. Please don't get the idea that I think you are all stupid, — far from it. But some sort of education is called for so that you know at least who the candidates are, and what they stand for.

The Newsfeatures Department is trying to be of some help. Wednesday, we arranged a special press conference in which the Presidential candidates discussed the issues at hand, and a very good impression of what each stood for resulted. All of them will have spoken in major classes by the time elections take place. No more exposure should really be necessary.

But just in case you still have questions, we are also reactivating an answer service where anything (relevant) you want to know will be answered by the appropriate candidate(s). Pensketches and platforms will be printed next week as still another source of knowledge.

With this information available, no one can honestly say that he didn't know what the hell was coming off. There should be no excuse for not voting. Hence the end of bad situation number one. And with increased participation by students in voting, there cannot but be increased participation in all student affairs, hence the end of bad situation number two. It's as simple as marking an X on your ballot.

QUESTIONS PLEASE

Under the direction of the Newsfeatures Department the Daily is once again reactivating its "Questions Please" column. This is a space in which candidates in the forthcoming campus elections can answer questions submitted by students on topics of policy, promises, background or any other informative data, the idea being to inform the electorate which often complains it does not vote because of lack of knowledge of the candidates and issues. Questions should be left at the Daily office, addressed to "Questions Please". The most interesting ones will be printed with answers, beginning Monday.

Campus Caveman



Ex-McGillian Makes It; Will Guest With Gleason

Montreal singer Ken Karen, who left McGill's Faculty of Music in an attempt to break into show business, has made the grade.

He will appear as a guest star tomorrow night on the Jackie Gleason Show, which can be seen

1961 when he returned from a U.S. wide tour publicizing his first recording for Columbia Records.

Although popular in some states his initial three songs were not smash hits. His latest, however, "Sixteen Years Ago Tonight", rose quite high on the national charts, and an audition for Gleason's show followed. He was signed immediately.



KEN KAREN

locally on Channel 3 at 7:30 pm. Karen has been writing lyrics and music for Nevins-Kusher, one of New York's largest music publishing companies, since early

Radio McGill CFCF-FM, 92.5 mc

Today
7:05 The Living Voice — with John Juliani.
7:20 Thesaurus — in conjunction with SGWU.
7:35 The Daily Speaks — college news roundup.



"EXPORT"
PLAIN
or FILTER TIP
CIGARETTES

Debaters Chosen For R.I. Contest

A four-man team has been named by the ASUS to attend the Rhode Island Senior Extemporaneous Debating Tournament next month. The four who won Wednesday's Elimination Tournament are Mike Schleifer, Mark Feifer, Danny Lowe and Rod Yellon.

Judy Lee announced the names after organising the tournament. Twelve debaters entered the trials and were judged by Dr. Irving Borwick (English) Stan Hartt (Economics) and Dr. George Mathewson (English).

The speakers, who debated in pairs, were given ten minutes to prepare their subjects, Resolved: That the Twentieth Century favors

matter over mind, and Resolved: That the world's salvation lies in a common religion.

Three girls acted as timekeepers for the event: Maggie Newsom, Diana Lewis, and Wenda McNevin.

The teams took alternate sides during the contest, and the two winning pairs are expected to be debating under similar strenuous conditions at Rhode Island.

'Fighting Words' Is Topic Of Latest Hillel Meet

"Fighting Words in Jewish Literature" will be the topic of a panel discussion at 1 pm today at Hillel House. The panelists are Rabbi Maurice Cohen, Morris Lapidos, and Howard J. Golden.

Maurice Cohen, Rabbi of the Shaare Zion Congregation is also the past president of the Board of Jewish Ministers of Greater Montreal. He received his M. A. at Harvard University where he was graduated Phi Beta Kappa.

Morris Lapidos is the Assistant Executive Director of the Federation of Jewish Communi-

ty Services. He holds degrees from Chicago and Northwestern Universities.

The third panelist, Howard Golden, is the President of Hillel Foundation and is in third year honours political science and philosophy. Rabbi Samuel Cass, Director of Hillel will moderate the discussion which is open to all interested.

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Whatever became of:

Nero C. Caesar,

CLASS OF '57?



Whenever conversation on the campus turns to music, someone is sure to mention the name of Nero Claudius — the man with the golden lyre. No other virtuoso on this difficult instrument has ever come close to the renown achieved by this boy from Antium. In his formative college years, Nero was something of a traditionalist, but at his apex he came very close to what moderns call "Le Jazz Hot". Those of his contemporaries and relations who survived the era he dominated — and they are regrettably few — recall that in his final phase he was strangely preoccupied with torch songs. His career reached its peak in Rome in a blazing performance of his famous lyre solo against a trumpet obligato by a group of cats known as the Praetorian Guardsmen. Rome was never the same thereafter.

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I'll walk



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The Intramural Scene

by SHELDON PRICE

In his rookie year as Intramural Sports Editor, the worthy Scribe ends up with a .200 batting average — one true prediction out of five valiant attempts. Until his beloved Floor hockey Bankers drilled in the tying goal in the overtime period, the ace predicamenteer was unmercifully hounded by a vociferous multitude of clawing fans as visions for a perfect goose egg appeared evident. However, displaying an extreme sense of loyalty and determination, the Scribe stuck with his original prediction and saw his team sweep to victory in a magnum effort.

BANKERS TAKE FLOOR HOCKEY CROWN

In the two-game total point final series, the Bankers squeaked by the Engineering Wholes by the score of 5-4. The last contest was a relatively quiet one as witnessed by past standards with a mere total of seven penalties having been dished out. Virball starred for the losers chalking up both their goals. Motherwell, a momentous factor in the collapse of the Scribe's Basketball Bankers, racked up one marker, while Tedford, the "Howie Young" of the night also notched one. Newman once again stole the show. In the early minutes of the overtime frame, the Commerce student, a probable selection on the All-Scribe team, slapped in the winning goal.

Mayhem broke loose as the new Champions in Floor hockey, the Bankers, mobbed Newman; tears came to the Scribe's eyes as he finally shook off that dreaded rookie hex of four straight predictions (all wrong). Incidentally in so doing, the Scribe established a record for the most incorrect prophecies.

PEOPLE WIN VOLLEYBALL

In Volleyball, the Scribe must give credit where credit is due. The People, revitalized by the derogatory remarks of the Scribe. After getting creamed in the first set of matches, they won four out of the remaining six contests over the bewildered Bandits, to succeed to the Volleyball title vacated by the Engineers. After beating the Bandits 15-8, 15-11 in the semi-finals they proceeded to lose the first game of the finals to the tune of 15-7. In a great display of team co-ordination, they nudged by the Bandits 15-11 in the second game. In the final Volleyball game of 1962-63 season, they just edged by the Bandits 16-14.

BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS

The new champions of the Basketball league are the Polymorphs. In an exciting and close game they set back Med 4 to the tune of 29-24. Gundel paved the way for Med 2 netting eight points.

After winning the first match over the Grads, the Commerce entry lost the second game 5-2. Hutchinson and Molson scored twice while Rattee accomplished the same feat for Commerce. In the final game of the three game series, Commerce bounced back from a 4-2 deficit to cream the Grads 8-4. Peterson led the attack scoring the hat-trick. Molson figured in all of the Grads goals, picking an even assortment of assists and goals.

SCRIBE RULES AGAIN

The All-Scribe teams are now being chosen by the Scribe's selection committee — the referees. All those referees who have not yet turned in their All-Scribe teams are asked to leave them in the Gym office or at the Daily c/o Sheldon Price.

The Intramural Awards Banquet will be held this coming Wednesday at 8 pm at the Gym. All Intramural individuals and teams that have won championships are cordially invited; Refreshments will be served afterwards.

Redmen Grapplers Play Host In Intercollegiate Tourney

by OLAV NILLEND

For those of you who want to know what this article is about without subjecting yourself to the pains of reading the entire masterpiece, it is the unending list of sports previews. The purpose of this article is to urge you to attend the annual Intercollegiate Wrestling Tourney which is being held in the East End of the Sir Arthur Currie Gym today and tomorrow.

I can't really say I care if you have the chance to watch the finest grapplers in the Canadian

college circuit vie for the Intercollegiate crown or spend an evening doing something different from crawling out to the local pub or going to a movie.

All I want is some well-earned support for our wrestling squad and to fill up a hole in this newspaper.

McGill will host four other universities who regularly compete for top wrestling honours. The University of Toronto holds the coveted trophy from last year. Ontario Agricultural College, Western Ontario and Queen's are also potential threats.

Tournament Schedule

The five university squads will weigh in officially this morning from 9 to 10 am. There will be a Standing Committee meeting from 10 am to 12 noon for the coaches' representatives. Here the draws will be made to decide who will meet who in the preliminary bouts which will take place at 2 pm this afternoon.

Winners of these preliminaries will compete this evening commencing at 8 pm. Matches will continue on Saturday at 2 pm to decide third and fourth places in each of the nine weight categories.

The climax of the two day meet will take place at 8 pm on Saturday when the finals will decide the individual and team winners.

Empty Slots

All the universities except Queen's and McGill will field full nine man squads. McGill is missing a 177 pound entry while the Kingston crew will be short three men. They do not have grapplers in the 147, 157 and heavyweight divisions. Toronto is expected to be the crew to watch as they have retained four members of last year's championship squad.

The McGill squad has had a fair season this year having made fairly good showings in local competition as well as meets against Paul Smith and Queen's. We lost to Paul Smith, an American University, and tied 13-13 with Queen's two weeks ago.

Representing our squad are the wrestlers who have represented us during the season.

In their weight divisions they are:

- 123 Bob Howden
- 130 Ian Braff
- 137 David Owen
- 147 Brian Underdown
- 157 Frank Kenny
- 167 Larry Barron
- 177 No representation
- 191 Richard Butler

Heavy: Alexander Savran

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WEDNESDAY, — The Reverend Dr. John Short,
March 6, 1963 St. George's United Church, Toronto, Ont.

WEDNESDAY, — The Reverend Dr. Donald Bruce MacDonald,
March 13, 1963 Knox United Church, Winnipeg, Man.

WEDNESDAY, — The Very Reverend Kenneth B. Keefe,
March 20, 1963 Dean of Huron,
St. Paul's Anglican Cathedral, London, Ont.

WEDNESDAY, — The Very Reverend Dr. Clarence M. Nicholson,
March 27, 1963 Principal of Pine Hill Divinity Hall,
Halifax, N.S.

WEDNESDAY, — The Very Reverend Dr. Angus J. MacQueen,
April 3, 1963 First-St. Andrew's United Church,
London, Ont.

PALM SUNDAY, — The Reverend Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell,
April 7, 1963 Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church,
New York City, N.Y.

GOOD FRIDAY, — "THE MESSIAH"
April 12, 1963 By George Frederick Handel

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EASTER SUNDAY, — At Both Services
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For the convenience of your family and friends, supper at a nominal cost of 6:15 pm, prior to the services on the following dates: — February 27, March 6, March 13, March 20, March 27 and April 3. Reservations should be telephoned to the Church Office, AV. 8-9245, by Tuesday of each week.

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by Glenayr

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ROYAL BANK

Aquanauts Set For Title Meet London Scene Of Competition

by EARL HALTRECHT

For the past four and a half months the McGill Swim Team has been practicing for the main swim meet of the current year, the O.Q.A.A. Championships. They will see the fruits of their efforts tomorrow at 2 pm in the University of Western Ontario Pool, where they will be meeting the Toronto and Western swimmers. At stake is the O.Q.A.A. Dougall Perpetual Trophy, now in the hands of Toronto University.

On the basis of this year's performances, the Redmen stand a good chance of coming out of the triangular meet as victors. The team has a won-loss record of 3-2 for five intercollegiate meets already held this year.

Trophies At Stake

Also at stake in the meet are two individual awards — the Bill Springer Trophy for the 200 yard

backstroke, and the Neil Buckley Trophy for the 100-yard freestyle. McGill's Bill Peers seems to be a big contender for the Springer Trophy, having an extremely good time in the backstroke events, while Toronto's Tom Verth is likely to walk away with the Neil Buckley Trophy.

As for the meet itself, the usual number of 11 events is slated, the scoring also being the usual 7-5-4-3-2-1 point system for the individual events, and 8-4-0 for the relays.

Ten men will be making the trip to Western along with Coach Bob Gauld. The team lineup will be generally the same as in past

events, with Peers, Finlayson, Ruiters, Mullins, Lee and Henderson doing the honors in the freestyle races. Nils Vikander and Pete Cameron are the men slated for the butterfly as well as being on the relay teams, while Bob Tamilia will be one of the swimmers in the breaststroke.

Diving

Dave McEntyre will be McGill's only diver, and has an extremely good chance, he feels, to pick up a second place finish. Toronto's representative is third top diver in Canada and is expected to take top honors.

The team leaves by plane this afternoon and will be returning Saturday night.

Hockeybells At Toronto

The first round of matches in the Women's Intercollegiate Ice Hockey Tournament, hosted this year by the University of Toronto, gets under way this afternoon with the finals being played tomorrow.

Of the six competing universities, Queen's once again is a good bet to cop the crown but can expect to receive much stiffer opposition this year, especially from the strong Toronto contingent.

Our Red and White Hockeybells, under the capable care of coach Len McDougall, left for the Queen City yesterday afternoon with the intention of getting in a few rounds of practice before the start of the tournament. McDougall, a member of the Redmen's high flying Kid Line, was optimistic of his Team's chances: "We've played the two top teams and although we lost, the experience was invaluable. With a little more hustle, we should do all right."

Headlining our hockeybells are holdovers Barb Rowat and Bea Taylor. Coach McDougall feels that Barb, who is a goaler, is one of the best in the business, and that the way she goes, is the way the team will go. Taylor, on the other hand, is an aggressive type of player, and is the key to the offense. Since women's hockey is a comparatively new sport at McGill, coach McDougall feels that the big thing now, is not so much to win as to provide experience for future years.

Final Game

Redmen Face U of M

by ENN RAUDSEPP

Heading into the final game of the O.Q.A.A. schedule against the U de M Carabins tonight at 8 pm in the Paul Sauvé Arena, the big question that confronts Kelly Burnett's Redmen is whether or not they will end the season with an even 6-6 won-lost record.

Evidence based on the season's play of the two teams strongly favours McGill to repeat their previous 7-3 and 7-2 victories over the cellar-dwelling Maplewood Avenue gang. Neither team has changed much since these encounters, except for the fact that the Redmen will be going without the services of regulars G.B. Maughan and Len McDougall.

Maughan is out with a head injury suffered in Tuesday night's practice and although his place will be hard to fill, promising rookie rearguard Gordie Potter will be toeing the mark. McDougall, coach of the women's hockey team, will be accompanying his charges to the weekend tournament in Toronto and consequently will miss tonight's encounter.

Over on the other side of the mountain, Carabin Coach Ivan Dion also has his problems with ace defenceman Claude still missing from the ranks of the walking wounded with a broken arm.

Scorers In Tight Race

Although Captain Larry Jones presently leads the Redmen in scoring with 15 points, his margin of two points over nearest competitors Dave Kerr and Rookie Rick Moore is so slight that not until after tonight can a winner be declared. Three other players, Bell, Molson, and Gilfillan, with 12 points apiece, could conceivably be dark horses in the race for the roses.

With seven regulars graduating this Spring, Coach Burnett will be hard pressed to field a team next winter.

Richards, the senior member of the team, graduates from the Faculty of Law this year. A stocky player with the reputation of "police-man" on the ice lanes, Mike only came out for the team after

Christmas, and together with Bill McKellar formed one of the most formidable defensive pairs around the league.

Tennant, like Richards, hails originally from the great West. After several seasons of backing up Alex Herron in the nets, he this year became a regular and proved himself one of the best goalies McGill has ever had. He graduates with a B. Com. this year and intends to enter business.

Larry Jones, the team's top scorer, had his outstanding contributions to the Redmen recognized this year by being voted captain. "Jonesy" also had the honour of being chosen to the Intercollegiate All-Star team that met and



MIKE RICHARDS

defeated Canada's representative to the World Hockey Championships. He'll be taking a B.A. with him when he leaves McGill in a few months.

Other lettermen who are graduating this year and whose presence will be missed, are wingers John Gilfillan, Andy Robertson, centre Steve Molson and sub-goaler Henry Goldberg. Molson, who played interchangeably for the Redmen and the Braves during his long undergraduate stay at McGill, this year ended up on the number one line and was a standout playmaker.

Gilfillan and Robertson, both enrolled in Arts, have more in common than just that. Both are hustlers in the first degree and served with distinction as playmaker and penalty killer, respectively.

Proposals...

(Continued from page 1)
maintain his position on Council—allowance being made for the fact that his academic standing might conceivably drop somewhat as a result of his holding a responsible and time-consuming position."

It may be argued that this 60% requirement is too low. "Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that no requirement at all presently exists regarding eligibility to remain in office, and for those situations where authorization of the Dean can be obtained — would still be needed in order to be nominated for or appointed to any of these positions."

Jeannette M. Cayford

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Cagers Seek Revenge In Meeting With Gaels

by STEVE GRUBER

Tomorrow is a night the Basketball Redmen have been waiting for, for over one month, as the Queen's Golden Gaels come into town to take on the Red and White in a return match at the Currie Gym starting at 8 pm. The Gaels took the first affair between these two clubs in Kingston by a 74-54 score and the Redmen are out to avenge this defeat.

In the Ontario encounter, the Gaels were impossible to stop, as their uncanny outside shooting completely befuddled the Red and White. Mike Alexander led his squad with 26 points in that contest. Al Raisbeck, the Gaels' captain, was another thorn in the Redmen's side that evening as the Gaels won their first game of the season.

Since that time, however, the Redmen have been looking forward to a return meeting with the Kingstonites, and Coach Ron Sharpe's squad is certainly going to be up for this battle in an effort to save themselves from the league cellar.

This is the last opportunity the Redmen will have to play the Gaels this season, and a lot hinges on this encounter, as a loss will almost definitely relegate them to last place, while a win will place them one up on the once-victorious Golden Gaels.

Veterans Consistent

Captain Jack Walker is sure to be the offensive spark in this affair, while Steve Chandler is the defensive backbone of the squad, along with veteran Ian Monteith, a three-year man with the club. Another performer the Redmen can also look for a consistent performance from is Marty Wright,

a good ball-handler with a know-how for the game, and who can usually be depended on for about 15 points a game.

The men the Redmen will have to contend with are Alexander, a top gunner, and Andy Klimas, a replacement for Bruce Engel in the last game who hit for 13 points in the same number of minutes to completely hamper and demoralize the Redmen on several occasions.

This is an encounter which the McGillians have looked forward to for a long time now, and should be worthwhile seeing for the multitude of fans expected. Game time is 8 pm at the Currie Gym.

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2. Applicants must have read and studied the book "Realistic Economics and Today's Problems" by H. Armour Harrison.
3. Essays or articles submitted by applicants shall deal with economics or some aspect thereof in relation to the book and shall show by internal evidence that the applicant has read it and has achieved a clear understanding of the analytical theory contained therein. The writer may agree with or dissent from the theory expressed in the book providing that in the case of dissent, it is based upon clearly expressed and logical grounds, not upon emotional bias or prejudice, dogmatic belief or pronouncements or ideas of supposed authorities.
4. Essays or articles submitted to the Trustees for judging should not be in excess of 20,000 words in length.
5. All essays or articles for the 1963 awards must be submitted to the Trustees of The Howard Armour Harrison Trust Fund, 657 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario, not later than September 1, 1963.
6. Essays or articles must be submitted in a clear and legible manner, written on one side of the paper only; and with the name and place of residence of the writer clearly noted on a separate sheet.
7. The further publication rights and privileges of all essays or articles submitted remain the property of the contestants. A self-addressed and stamped envelope should be enclosed if return of the manuscript is desired after judging has been completed and winners announced.
8. If a sufficient number of eligible and worthy essays or articles are not submitted in any one year, the amounts of prizes not awarded will remain in the Fund for distribution in following years. The decisions of the Trustees will be final in all matters relative to the awards.
9. Those not eligible to participate in the program or share in the award money are the Trustees of the Howard Armour Harrison Trust Fund, the employees of General Publishing Company Limited, Baker Advertising Agency Limited and subsidiaries, and their immediate families.



THE SNOWMAN

We are seldom if ever moved to talk about the national sports picture in these columns but events in the National Hockey League over the past two weeks merit comment in terms of the world of sport as a whole. We refer of course to the resignation of NHL referee Eddy Powers.

Powers, who to our mind was one of the best referees in hockey, was forced to resign due to lack of support by league president Clarence Campbell. When we consider that Powers was an employee and representative of the league, the picture of the whole affair becomes deplorable.

Two years ago, Red Storey was also forced to resign as a National League ref because Campbell had humiliated him by publicly criticizing the calibre of his officiating.

The contract in sport is a two way street. The employer has obligations to his employees that transcend the payment of a salary. Employment agreement binds the employer as well as his hired help. It signifies the employer's faith in his employee. Colonel Campbell has broken his part of the bargain.

We Canadians like to regard ourselves as a rather urbane, sophisticated group which carries on its affairs in an efficient professional manner. We Montrealers are constantly stalking "big league" deals, saying we have the people and the knowhow to operate.

It is little wonder we are seldom seriously considered for anything "big time" when the President of the NHL, seat for seat, the second biggest athletic league in North America, conducts his business in such a public, small time way.

Gentlemen, the image needs a lot of polishing.

Coach Tom's Return

This week's report of Tom Moran's decision to return as a football Redmen assistant coach for the 1963 season is particularly gladdening, not only to fans but to players and the other coaches as well.

A man's contribution cannot always be measured strictly in terms of his performance in his specific job. If Moran's contribution was so measured, he would have to be considered excellent. His football knowledge and precise teaching methods combine to make him an exceptional mentor.

In appraisal however, there are a number of other variables to consider. Playing and winning football games is only one of the values of a college grid career. The travel and the other times spent together with teammates are other important areas.

As an integrator and a good humor man on the road, Moran has no peer. He can always be counted on to relate some wild tale of his own playing days or generate some extemporaneous pranksterism. He can relieve a player of those pre-game jitters with one quick quip or one sly glance.

One particular occasion comes to mind. The Wednesday night before the Yates Cup game at Kingston was a bitterly cold evening. It was late, the players were dog tired and the coaching triumvirate was driving them hard.

Al Magil, one of the Daily's photogs was snapping some shots for a promotional spread. Coach Moran slid over to us and exclaimed, in no Sunday school voice, "Hey Snowman, you want a good spread? Take a picture of so and so's rump!"

The team had no trouble getting through the last half hour of the gruelling workout.

ATTENTION

ALL CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

intending to submit budgets to the S.E.C. next fall. Please submit annual reports to the S.E.C. Office before March 13, 1963.

These reports should include the names and addresses of the new executive, the number of students in your organization, the number of meetings held in the past year, plus an outline of the past years' activities.

Peter Seybold

Director of Clubs & Societies

Students' Executive Council